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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 2.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(*Continued.*)

Fr. Bapst maintained temporary headquarters of the southern Maine missions at Bangor from the beginning of December, 1852, until the opening of the new year. During this interval he resided with Fr. O'Sullivan, the parish priest of St. Michael's Church, Bangor. In the early part of January, 1853, he took up his permanent residence at Ellsworth, where the Catholics had hired a house for him. Though not the first priest to visit Ellsworth, he was the first to reside there. There was then at Ellsworth a small Catholic church, which the priest of Bangor had been wont to attend from time to time; but the success of Fr. Bapst's zeal in bringing back lukewarm Catholics and converting many of those outside the fold soon rendered the erection of a larger church a necessity. With the generous aid of his poor but devoted people he was enabled to build a much larger church, which he had ready for use fully four months before the close of his first year at Ellsworth.

In April, 1853, Fr. Augustin K. Kennedy was appointed one of the collectors for Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., which was then very heavily in debt, and he was accordingly withdrawn from the missions of Maine. He returned, however, in the following year, and died at Eastport before the close of the year. In September, 1853, Fr. Cotting and Fr. John McGuigan were sent to Ellsworth to assist Fr. Bapst, but they remained only a month

on the missions. About this time, Fr. O'Sullivan, the secular priest stationed at Bangor, was removed by Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston. Fr. Bapst had always been anxious to obtain a permanent residence at Bangor, since it was better suited to serve as the headquarters of the southern missions than Ellsworth, being situated nearly 27 miles north-west of Ellsworth, inland, on the Kennebec River. Ellsworth was situated on the Union River, not far from the sea-coast, and did not possess so central a position with reference to the various stations visited by the missionaries. This desire of Fr. Bapst was shared by Fr. Stonestreet, who was then provincial, as appears from the following extracts from Fr. Bapst's letters written to him at this time.

ELLSWORTH, August 17, 1853.

. . . . . The Rev. Fr. O'Sullivan, priest of Bangor, has been removed by the bishop, who has requested me to attend Bangor the best I could till he finds another priest to take Fr. O'Sullivan's place. If, as I understand it, Your Reverence is not willing to keep the mission of Maine unless Bangor (which is a central and very important place) is given to us, now is the time to settle it. Anyhow, I hope Your Reverence will soon tell me your determination, about Bangor in particular and the missions in general. . . .

I understood in Georgetown from Your Reverence, that our province would give up the Maine missions unless Bangor be given to us. This, in fact, is the only practical plan; for our missions without Bangor are nothing, and with Bangor they are the very best missions in the province. Now the time is come to make a final decision. The bishop of Boston is going to Rome in January next. Before he leaves, he must either restore Fr. O'Sullivan to Bangor, or send somebody else there, or give the mission to us. If Fr. O'Sullivan is restored, or another priest appointed, then Bangor is lost for us. But now the bishop is no longer under compliment to anybody, since Fr. Coskery has declined, and nobody has been appointed in his place; and, moreover, he seems willing to give us Bangor rather than to lose us altogether. Therefore, as I said, now is the time, if ever, to come to a conclusion. If Your Reverence should accept Bangor, only one man more would be required in Maine, provided he be a smart man. Fr. Moore, who wants to be alone, might do well enough in Thomaston and Belfast, and Fr. Pacciarini with Fr. Kennedy will do very well in Eastport; another man like FF. De Neckere, Force, McGuigan, or the like, with me will do for Bangor. Thus the missions will be settled at last, and a great deal of good will be done. But if it is not the will of Your Reverence to accept Bangor, let us at once dispose everything in the mission for our final removal from Maine, which might be effected in the course of a few months, and in the meantime let everything remain *in statu quo:* Fr. Moore in Bangor, Fr. Bapst in Ellsworth and FF. Pacciarini and Kennedy in Eastport. I would have no objection to be left alone for a few months more, if I was sure to be removed; but

Your Reverence will forgive me for telling you that I feel weary and discouraged at having to live in the state of indecision and uncertainty in which I have been left for a year and a half; a state of uncertainty that shakes all the resolution and energy of my soul, spoils my undertakings, checks my zeal, and prevents my making provisions, which otherwise would be necessary, for the house here and for the ministry in the different missions. I have always present to my mind this thought: "What is the use of doing this or that, if I have to leave the mission soon?" And my trouble and embarassment is greater yet when there is question of commencing a new building or of repairing an old one, as is very often the case; for I am always fearful that, having commenced anything of importance, I may not have time to carry it out.

Now Very Rev. and dear Fr. Provincial, I have opened my mind to you in all simplicity, and proposed the plan I think the best. The decision belongs to you, and I assure you that I have courage enough to submit cheerfully to any decision whatever, and moreover, if it is necessary, I am ready to live many months more in the same darkness relating to my destination, whatever may be the uneasiness of my mind. . .

Fr. Bapst retained his residence at Ellsworth until June, 1854, visiting Bangor at stated intervals. He was aided in his care of Bangor by Fr. James Moore, who was in Maine at the time collecting for Worcester College. Fr. Moore resided at Bangor until Fr. Bapst came to that town to preside over the congregation of St. Michael's as its permanent pastor.

The following extract is taken from one of the last official letters sent by Fr. Bapst from Ellsworth, prior to his removal to Bangor.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

. . . . . As a fitting substitute for these two fathers I would propose Fr. Charlier, who I believe possesses all the qualifications to be a useful missionary in Maine in the present circumstances. But in case Fr. Charlier could not be spared I would make another proposition. One of the best missionaries is Fr. Pacciarini. If only Your Reverence could supply Eastport, I would not ask for any better. I must confess though that to remove Fr. Pacciarini from Eastport, would be in my opinion, to inflict a mortal blow on the mission.

With regard to Fr. Ciampi, I have to give Your Reverence many thanks for such a favor. When the people know that he has been president of Worcester College, they will feel proud, and they will have no more occasion to complain that they have been slighted. . . .

By losing Fr. Bixio,[1] we lose a missionary excellent in every regard. He is a precious man. It makes me feel very bad to part with him, but I

[1] This was Fr. Joseph Bixio, whose obituary will be found in the present number.

suppose Your Reverence cannot help removing him; the climate, the doctor says, would certainly be injurious to his health.

Now, before I conclude, I beg leave to make a remark. So many changes, which occur every year, and almost every month, in our missionaries, are very injurious to the good of our missions. The people are dissatisfied; scarcely are they acquainted with a man when he is taken away. Any work of improvement is sure to be abortive. Every plan or measure adopted by one is given up by his successor. Even in regard to money matters, the people say they will give nothing until they have a settled priest.

Your obedient servant in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

From Ellsworth, Fr. Bapst continued to make visits at stated intervals to the Indians of Old Town. These, his first spiritual children in the New World, always received their beloved father with every demonstration of joy; and even to this day the older members of the tribe manifest great joy whenever they hear mentioned the name of *le Père* Bapst. About this period, Fr. Bapst accompanied one of the new missionaries to Old Town, in order to introduce him to the Indians. A great banquet in their honor was prepared by the chief squaws. The first course over, Fr. Bapst cautioned his companion not to be so rash as to demand a clean plate for the second, but to content himself with that which had served him for the first, otherwise dreadful would be the result. In a moment of inadvertence, the new father passed his plate to one of the squaws, and made her understand his desire for a clean one. Thereupon his appetite for further food suddenly deserted him, put to rout by the unique Indian method of furnishing clean table ware. The squaw gravely took the plate, and, without even a by-your-leave, rendered it, in presence of her astonished guest, as good as new by a copious and direct application of saliva rubbed off with great dexterity by the use of a fish-stained and greasy apron. The new father never again asked for a second plate.

Fr. Bapst changed his residence from Ellsworth to Bangor on June 7, 1854. This change was ordered by the bishop of Boston, who still retained Maine within his spiritual jurisdiction. The bishop was forced to place Fr. Bapst in permanent charge of Bangor by a chain of circumstances which left him no choice in the matter, but in view of after events it is only just to say that the bishop would never have allowed Bangor, the most important mission of Maine, to pass out of the control of his secular clergy, had not a terrible crisis in Catholic affairs at Ellsworth precluded the adoption of any other course. When he first committed Bangor

to the charge of the Jesuits, he had intended to burden them with its care only for a short time, until he could choose a competent secular priest as successor to Fr. O'Sullivan.

The events that led to Fr. Bapst's hasty removal to Bangor are of an exciting nature, and are best learned from his own narration, made to the compiler of this sketch many years ago, from the reminiscences of his faithful housekeeper, and from letters written to the provincial at about this period.

Fr. Bapst's Narrative—When I first came to Ellsworth I began a course of Sunday afternoon lectures on the doctrines of the Church. These instructions drew to the afternoon service on Sundays a large concourse of Protestants, curious to know what could be said in defence of a religious system which in their opinion had long before been thoroughly exploded. The results of my labors were most gratifying. Before many months had elapsed I had gathered into the fold a goodly number of Protestants, and among them twelve young ladies, all members of prominent families of the town.[1] Religious feeling ran high in consequence. I was denounced, from the pulpit and in the press, as a perverter of the young. I was warned to stop my work of proselyting, and of reducing free-born Americans to Rome's galling yoke. All manner of threats were uttered against me.

To add fuel to the already fiercely burning fire of religious hatred, Catholics whose children attended the public schools of the town protested against the law recently passed by the school committee of Ellsworth, whereby their sons and daughters were forced under pain of expulsion to read in the school the Protestant version of the Bible and to join in the Protestant prayers. They petitioned the committee to permit the Catholic children to read the Catholic version, or else to excuse them from reading any. In their petition they expressly declared that they had no desire to interfere with the right of Protestant children to read any version deemed proper by their parents, but simply wished to protect the religious faith of their own children. I knew that the board as a whole had an intense hatred of all that was Catholic and foreign, but I found some of the committee, as well as the teachers, willing to accede to my request that the children be not forced to act against the dictates of their

[1] Of these twelve young ladies one was the authoress, Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, who was ever after a most devoted friend of Fr. Bapst. She has faithfully portrayed the Ellsworth excitement in a beautiful tale entitled "The House of Yorke."

consciences by reading a Protestant version of the Bible and by uniting in prayers not approved by the Church.

I was the more anxious to ward off these dangers, as I knew on good authority that one of the members of the school board had said openly: "We are determined to protestantize the Catholic children; they shall read the Protestant Bible or be dismissed from the schools; and should we find them loafing around the wharves we will clap them into jail." I could not, therefore, in conscience permit my Catholic children to join in the Protestant religious exercises, as such a course would be a virtual profession of Protestantism, seeing that the regulation was insisted upon in hatred of the true faith. I did not wish to excite our enemies unnecessarily, and did all I could to lower the high pitch to which the public mind had been excited. I held in check the overwrought feelings of my flock, and abstained from all bitterness in pushing the righteous claims of my people. But in vain! The protest, signed by over a hundred Catholics, which was presented to the consideration of the school board one morning in November, 1853, by Mr. White and myself, was rejected with insult and abuse. Next day Messrs. Tisdale and Richards, two members of the board, went to the school where most of the Catholic children attended, and forthwith expelled all who refused to read the Protestant Bible.

I was therefore obliged to provide means of instruction for these dear little confessors of Christ. I opened a Catholic school in our old chapel, but in thus baffling the plan of our adversaries, who were intent upon obtaining an unconditional surrender on the part of the Catholics, I was much pained to find that I only increased their blind fury against us. The chapel was blown up one night, and we were obliged to transfer the school to the galleries of the new church. To try whether the law would provide a remedy by declaring the cause of the school board unconstitutional, a test case was made in behalf of the son of Lawrence Donahoe, and a suit commenced against the committee, but to no purpose. Bigotry won the day.

An incident that happened shortly before the dismissal of the children from the school added fuel to the flames. I was drawn, much against my will, into a controversy with one of the Protestant ministers of the town, and defeated him so completely as to put the Protestants present to the blush for their poor champion. It came about as follows. One morning business called me to the office of one of the town lawyers, and while I was engaged with him, who should come in but the other powers of the town, the lead-

ing minister and the most popular doctor of the place. After I had politely saluted them both, I overheard the lawyer whisper to the minister: "Now you have got the papist priest at your mercy; give it to him!" I saw from the confident smile of the lawyer and doctor that they anticipated an easy victory for their clerical champion. He, no wise unwilling, entered the fray without gloves, and abruptly put forth this astonishing statement: "You Catholics despise the Bible. You have no faith in the written Word of God. How can you call yourselves Christians?" To this exceedingly ill-timed remark I would have gladly avoided giving an answer, but as I considered that silence would be taken for assent, I quietly and gently proceeded to pursue a line of argument whereby the minister would be put to rout by his own admission. "Well," said I, "supposing, Reverend Sir, that your statement be correct, that we set no value on the Bible, granting this to be true for the sake of argument, may I ask you, with all due respect, do you set any value on oral tradition?" "No, of course not," replied the minister with a deep frown, "that is a popish doctrine." "Well then," I said, "may I ask you why you value the Bible so highly? How do you know it is the Word of God?" "Why," he replied, "it bears the divine imprint on its every page." "Those who have read the Koran and the works of Confucius," I said, "have found them very like in style to the Bible, yet these are certainly not the Word of God." "Well," replied the now greatly excited minister, "our forefathers have always revered the Bible as the Word of God, and have so taught their descendants." "But how were your forefathers able with certainty to hold the Bible as from God?" "Why, my dear sir, how simple you are! They had the testimony of their ancestors to that effect, and these ancestors had the testimony of theirs, and so on up to the time of Christ." "Well, Reverend Sir, excuse me if I ask one more question. What do you call that *oral testimony?* I am sure you are too honest to deny that this is *oral tradition* under another name, and therefore your Bible has no intrinsic value without the aid of *tradition*."

The expression of the minister's face was terrible to behold. It was one of baffled hatred and shame. He did not venture a reply, but turned from me abruptly, and sought the fellowship of the two spectators who had been in full sympathy with him from the opening of the tilt. When I was leaving the office I overheard the lawyer mutter the following words expressive of his deep chagrin: "Well, I could have stood our parson's being overcome by an enlightened American, but to have had him completely routed by one

of these Romish foreigners—a man who can't speak two words of English correctly—it's a crying shame!"

The fanatical fury of the Know-nothing party increased with time, and at length reached such a pitch that, after destroying the old church, they broke the windows of my dwelling. This happened on the evening of June 3, 1854. From the early part of the preceding November the agitation was kept alive by the Ellsworth *Herald* in its daily attacks on the Catholics, and on Sundays by the tirades of the minister. On June 6, the mob broke the windows of our church, and then went to the nearest tavern to muster up courage for further outrages, threatening all the while to inflict all manner of injury upon the Catholics.

At this stage of the excitement I was directed by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston to take up my permanent abode at Bangor, which I had previously cared for as its temporary pastor, pending the appointment of a secular priest as successor to Fr. O'Sullivan. I was ordered by the bishop not to return to Ellsworth even for the Sunday services, but to send another father who was not connected with the school trouble. Thus good came out of evil. By this disposition of affairs I secured for the missions the long-desired centre in Bangor, which would never have been my good fortune had it not been for the trouble at Ellsworth.

On the morning of July 16, word came to Bangor that the untiring mob of Ellsworth had attempted to burn down the chapel at one o'clock that morning. The fire was luckily discovered in time by Amory Otis, one of the right-minded citizens of Ellsworth, and put out before any damage was done except to the cellar.

Housekeeper's Account.[1]—Before entering Fr. Bapst's service I had been housekeeper for Fr. O'Sullivan, parish priest of Bangor. Fr. Bapst used to stop over with us from time to time on his way to his various missions. I first met him shortly after his arrival from Europe, when he could as yet speak but a very few words of English. Sometimes, while at Fr. O'Sullivan's, he would be called upon to administer the pledge, and I would make him understand what was wanted by raising an imaginary glass to my lips and then pointing at the poor drunkard.

One day an amusing incident occurred. Fr. Bapst, as yet ignorant of English, was sitting in the library convers-

[1] Mary Hennessy, now Sister Mary Borgia, extern sister of the House of the Good Shepherd, N. Y. One of those rare souls, full of faith and possessed of unflinching devotion to the Church. She was a great help to Fr. Bapst in those days of affliction.

ing with Fr. O'Sullivan in French, when the niece of the parish priest entered, and exhibited a costly bottle of cologne which she had just received as a present. She held it out to Fr. Bapst that he might admire it, but he mistaking her intention and thinking she wished to make him a present for the Indians, took the bottle and slipped it into his coat pocket, exclaiming again and again with a most winning smile: "Merci, mademoiselle, merci." The poor girl was deeply grieved at her loss, but gave up all attempts to recover her treasure, knowing full well that any hint, whereby she might seek to enlighten Fr. Bapst on the true situation of affairs, would be entirely lost upon him, owing to his ignorance of English.

When Fr. Bapst went to live permanently at Ellsworth in January, 1853, he was very desirous of securing my services as housekeeper. He was so kind as to think me prudent enough and of sufficiently mature age to make him a good housekeeper. On my part, I had learned to admire his sanctity, gentleness, and burning zeal so much that I would have gone through fire and water for him. An agreement, therefore, was easily reached, whereby I left Bangor to take charge of the house in Ellsworth, procured for Fr. Bapst by the Catholics of that town shortly before my arrival. Fr. Bapst was generally at home in Ellsworth from Saturday till Monday of each week, but during the other days of the week he was frequently absent attending to the other missions lying around Ellsworth.

From November, 1853, till the October of the following year, great feelings of hatred towards the Catholics and their priest were aroused among the Protestants; and the rowdy element of the town with many who styled themselves respectable began hostile proceedings against Fr. Bapst. The excitement had its origin in the father's success as a missioner and in his position with respect to the school question. The agitation reached such an alarming pitch by June, 1854, that I feared for Fr. Bapst's life. On Saturday June 3, I had been able to unearth a secret plot whereby the Know-nothings hoped to seize Fr. Bapst, and wreak their vengeance upon him. The dear father had just returned from his missions, and a sick-call from a distant station awaited him. He was inclined to defer attendance on this case until after Sunday, being averse to leaving the Catholics of Ellsworth without Mass on that day. With a boldness that afterwards surprised me, and moved by a presentiment of evil that seemed inspired from above (for I did not then know that an immediate attack was meditated by his enemies), I bade the dear father not delay bringing the consola-

tions of religion to the poor sick man. "Go, Father, in the name of God!" I pleaded. My entreaties prevailed, and he started on the sick-call that very day.

That night, Saturday June 3, 1853, a mob surrounded the priest's house. They were dressed entirely in white with a dark belt encircling their waists. Their faces were securely masked. They thundered at the door, and demanded instant admission. I was alone in the house, and though greatly alarmed I retained my presence of mind. Some good Catholics had brought me news of their approach and I bethought myself of the necessity of saving such goods as would be most likely to suffer at the hands of the invaders. Among these Fr. Bapst's books were the chief objects of my care. I knew the villains would destroy those first. I therefore conveyed the contents of his library to the top story of the house. Hardly had I finished my labors when I heard the mob at the front door demanding admission. I answered the call with fear and trembling and a silent prayer to God for help. "What do you want, gentlemen?" I said to the crowd that was crammed into the space around the door, intent on rushing into the house. "Where's that——Bapst?" they shouted in chorus. Their sacrilegious way of naming the man of God aroused all my spirit, and though never given to profanity I forgot myself in my just indignation, and answered, "It's none of your —— business." This bold reply startled them at first and made them cower. Then, in more guarded language, they expressed their determination of searching the house for the priest. Not wishing to give them unnecessary offence, I assumed a tone of great mildness, though my heart was bursting with indignation at the insolence of the crowd, and I tried to dissuade them from entering, saying: "Gentlemen, Fr. Bapst left here this morning to go on a sick-call, and it is doubtful when he will return. I, a lone unprotected woman, am the only occupant of the house. Will you be so cowardly as to enter this house when you have no one to resist you but a poor, weak woman?" My words seemed to stir up their better natures; they gave over making any further efforts to effect an entrance, but they vented their hatred against the priest by riddling with stones nearly every window in the house. The next day being their *Sabbath*, they remained quiet, not wishing to desecrate the day.

On Tuesday, June 6, Fr. Bapst returned after dark to Ellsworth, and so quietly that his coming was not known to his foes, for he had received news on the road of the attack on his house.

That night the mob reassembled in the town, and, with

the fury of demons, rushed towards our church and made a fierce assault upon its doors. Col. Charles Jarvis, one of nature's noblemen, who though a Protestant was a great admirer of Fr. Bapst, hastened on horseback to the rescue of the church. He dashed into the midst of the crowd, shouting to the foremost aggressors to desist from their work of destruction. Then quickly leaping from his horse he mounted the church steps, and thus addressed the rioters: "Till to-day I was ever proud of being called a freeborn American. I gloried in the liberty accorded to all by our country; but to-day, for the first time, the thought of having to claim a common country with fellows that can be guilty of such a gross invasion of the most sacred rights of others brings a blush to my cheek. Think of it, men, the poor Irish, who get but a dollar a day in wages, live from day to day on potatoes alone, and this that they may have money to spare wherewith to erect a temple in which they may worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. And you, who call yourselves free Americans, would destroy the fruits of their hard labors in a night! Shame upon you!"

His forcible remonstrance had some temporary effect, the attack on the church was not immediately renewed, but the rioters continued to hang around the church until the colonel had departed, when they gave full fling to their hatred against us by breaking all the windows. The colonel, who had reached one of the bridges that span the Union River, on hearing that the work of destruction had recommenced, came riding back at a furious pace, but too late to save the windows. When he reached the spot the crowd was dispersing. Fr. Bapst was persuaded by me to vacate his ordinary bed-room, and seek a safer one in the upper part of the house. No attempt, however, was made that night to attack the house, as the Know-nothings did not dream that he had returned.

The next morning Fr. Bapst received a telegram from Woodstock, Maine, about 180 miles west of Ellsworth, near the New Hampshire border, asking his spiritual assistance for a person sick at that place. He started for Woodstock early on Wednesday morning, and on his return, instead of going to Ellsworth, went direct to Bangor. This he did by order of the bishop, who wished him to take up his permanent quarters at that town for the future, and never to return to Ellsworth. I soon followed him to Bangor, and there continued in my office of housekeeper until 1859.

In October, 1854, Fr. Bapst was obliged to visit Cherryfield, 24 miles beyond Ellsworth, to attend a sick-call. To do this he had to pass through Ellsworth. He therefore de-

termined to stop over Sunday in that town, in order to hear the confessions of the Catholics there and say Mass for them. He arrived in Ellsworth on Saturday night, full of hopes that no attempt would be made to molest him, as he thought that the old agitation had died out. That night he was taken out by a mob, and tarred and feathered. He said Mass, however, on Sunday morning in Ellsworth, remained with Col. Jarvis Sunday night, and returned to Bangor on Monday morning. I was nearly dead with anxiety, for news of the outrage had reached Bangor Sunday morning. I was for setting out myself to seek the dear father, and bring him home in safety, when his arrival in Bangor made such a course unnecessary. I had everything ready to render him comfortable after his sad experience. A hot bath was placed in his room with plenty of new rum to apply after the bath. Fr. Bapst immediately availed himself of these remedies against a reaction, and after some time emerged from his bed-room as fresh as before the assault, and as eager as ever for work in the Lord's vineyard.

Portions of Fr. Bapst's clothing that he had worn on that terrible night, and that were covered with tar and feathers, were brought to me from Ellsworth together with the broken crystal of his watch. These I have treasured as most precious relics through all these long years.[1]

On Dec. 8, 1854, Bishop Fitzpatrick, assisted by the recently appointed bishop of the new diocese of Portland, Rt. Rev. David Bacon, laid the corner-stone of Fr. Bapst's new church in Bangor. By direction of Bishop Fitzpatrick, I deposited in a bottle a small portion of the clothing worn by Fr. Bapst at the time of the outrage. It was spattered with tar to which some of the feathers were still clinging. The bishop wrote the following inscription which was also placed in the bottle before it was sealed: "This is a piece of the clothing worn by the builder of this church, Rev. John Bapst, S. J., on the night of October 13, 1854, when he was tarred and feathered, in hatred of the faith, by the Know-nothings of Ellsworth." The bottle was placed beneath the corner-stone by the bishop himself.

In the autumn of 1859, the Jesuits were withdrawn from Maine by their superior; and when, in 1860, Fr. Bapst was appointed superior of the scholasticate at Boston, he urged me to come to that city and take charge of the college laundry. I gladly availed myself of an opportunity that allowed me to see the saintly father from time to time. I retained

[1] A portion of the shirt torn from Fr. Bapst's body during the outrage, and the broken crystal, have been recently presented to the museum of Woodstock College by this good housekeeper.

this position until 1869, when, through Fr. Bapst's influence, I gained the accomplishment of my life's desire—admission into the Order of the Good Shepherd in New York. It was my great happiness to have Fr. Bapst preside at my religious profession.

In the fall of 1883, Fr. Bapst, whose mind was then greatly weakened, passed through New York on his way from West Park to Frederick. Rev. Fr. Brady, then Provincial, knowing how happy I would be to see Fr. Bapst, caused the dear father to be conducted from St. Francis Xavier's College to the residence of St. Lawrence's Church, and sent me word at the same time to go to the latter house if I wished to see my old pastor. The Brother Porter told me it would be useless to call Fr. Bapst to the parlor, for he would not recognize me, as he did not remember his own name, nor those of his own brethren. But I assured the brother that he would certainly remember his old housekeeper. One of the fathers soon brought him to the corridor in which I was waiting, and when the saintly old man saw me his face was lit up with a smile, and to the astonishment of all around he cried out: "Ah! there's my Mary." That was the last time I saw Fr. Bapst. If any one deserved heaven, he certainly did, for his life at home and abroad was that of a true man of God.

Extracts from Letters of Fr. Bapst to the Provincial of the Maryland Province, touching the origin of the excitement in Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH, October, 1853.

. . . . I have to inform Your Reverence of another difficulty. A town school-teacher, out of bigotry, being the son of a parson, has established in his school, that all the scholars should read the Protestant version of the Bible or leave the school; he prevailed, to a certain extent, on the school committee to have such a rule approved, and immediately dismissed the two Catholic children he had in his school because they would not read this version. The case has already created some excitement among Catholics and Protestants. Next Sunday a petition will be presented to the committee requesting that the Catholic children should be free to read their own Bible, or no Bible at all, in the schools. I cannot foresee the result; all the Catholics seem to be determined not to have their rights trampled upon, and will sign the petition. I have visited the committee, and succeeded in convincing them of our right, but they are afraid of becoming too unpopular by doing their duty. Poor committee! I shall inform you of the result, and in the meantime recommend myself to the prayers and holy sacrifices of Your Reverence.

ELLSWORTH, November 16, 1853.

. . . . With reference to the school and Bible question, which has created so much excitement, I have to state that the position of the Catholics is every day getting better and brighter. Our rights begin to be acknowledged. The committee-men are already somewhat ashamed of themselves; public opinion and the press are turning against them; the best men here say that they have exceeded their powers, and violated the Constitution by compelling our children to read the Protestant Bible, or by turning them out of school in case of non-compliance. But the Catholics seem determined to go ahead, and although it is very probable that our children will be readmitted into the school for the next term without being obliged to read any Bible, still the Catholics seem to prefer to establish their own school, which will be a great blessing for themselves and a bitter mortification and a great disappointment for the bigots, who thought already that our children were going to turn Protestants *en masse* sooner than leave the town school.

Yours in Xt. very respectfully,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

After events show that the view of the situation in Ellsworth as expressed by Fr. Bapst in these extracts was too sanguine by far. He did not then know what the coming year had in store for him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

(*Concluded.*)

The custom of flogging had existed among these Indians long before the coming of the missionaries. It was a part of their criminal code, as had been the case for ages among Christian and civilized nations; it was decreed by the chiefs and administered by their authority. One day an aged Indian woman came to me with marks of blood upon her face and told me that her son had ill-treated her. I called all the fathers and mothers together and laid the case before them. I had to act prudently because the father of the boy was a bad man and had already attempted suicide. I insisted that they should put down such conduct in children, and I set before them in forcible terms the effect of such examples

upon their own families. I then dismissed the assembly, and afterwards learned that the boy had been persuaded by his father to go to the chiefs to be flogged for his fault. He also begged pardon of his mother, and lived a Christian life until he was carried off a year afterwards by the plague.

Among those who had accompanied me in my return from Vancouver, was a Canadian named Biledot. He came to build and put in working order two mills at the mission, a flour mill and a saw mill. The foundations of a second house and church, larger and more commodious than the first, had been already laid.

When May came the flour mill was already in operation and the saw mill was ready for starting. But the brightest light will cast the darkest shadow; the bright light of the fairest of months was to do this for our mission. Fr. Zerbinati was always delicate in health but never seriously ill. His stomach was weak and he was subject to cramps, but we trusted that the invigorating air of the mountains would in time restore him to sound health. The afternoon for setting the mill in motion came, and Br. Classens invited me to go with him and see the thing done. Before I left home, Fr. Zerbinati, who was to remain behind, asked me for a little wine. The brother was already at the mill and had the key of the store-room in his pocket. I promised therefore to tell the brother to give the wine, and, on my arrival at the mill, I kept my promise. The starting was not as successful as we had anticipated, and while laboring to remove impediments to the successful working of the mill, the order that I had given the brother concerning the wine slipped very naturally from his memory.

The whole day passed in earnest labor, and when I returned to the house in the evening, Fr. Zerbinati was not there. No bell had been rung for evening devotions, as was our wont at the mission, and it was already far beyond the usual time. I hastened therefore to ring the bell and to begin the prayers. "Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I asked myself. I strove in vain to quiet my apprehensions by saying, "He is not far away; perhaps he is a little more unwell than usual; there is no cause for fear." Thus did I vainly try to remove my own anxiety, as we are accustomed to strive to quiet our minds when we apprehend some real misfortune yet would fain hide it from ourselves. I began the prayers, but the thought still haunted me, "Where is Fr. Zerbinati? Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I became more and more uneasy. Where was he? I could not go on; so interrupting the prayers I bade all go in search of the missing father.

It was now dark, but torches were soon gleaming in all

directions, and a hundred quick eyes were in active search of some clue to his whereabouts. Meanwhile I went over the whole house calling him by name but receiving no answer. How lonely the place seemed! I went to his room, he was not there. I went over the house again and again, hoping against hope that after all I might have overlooked some nook or corner. Fr. Zerbinati was not at home, and it was already night; these two sad truths seemed staring me in the face wherever I went. At last I found a clue. The hook and line were not in his room. He had gone to the river to fish. Immediately the word spread among the Indians, and they hastened to search along the river-bank. Soon I heard steps approaching. Had they found him? A party of searchers entered with what they thought to be human legs. I did not know what they had brought; for my mind was too horrified to conceive anything but that he had been murdered and dismembered. Soon Br. Barris entered bearing on the leaf of a river plant what seemed to be human brains. The horror was too great. He had been slain by the Blackfeet, thought I; and my senses fled. Thus I lay unconscious until I heard a voice, "Fr. Zerbinati is found." "Then he is not dead," said I, for the joy of that announcement had restored consciousness.

Alas! he was dead; not killed indeed by the Blackfeet, but suffocated by those waters that rippled so softly upon the banks a few rods away. They had found him in the river, drowned. He had gone to take a bath, a cramp had seized him and he was now lifeless. Every effort was made to revive him, but in vain. Broken hearted and disconsolate, I performed the last sad offices of love, and turned from his new-made grave to bear my burden alone.

In the autumn of 1845, I travelled with Br. Coughlin and two Indians to the Cœur d'Alênes. On our journey we came to a very high mountain, and spent nearly the whole day in reaching the top. The brother, who was in charge of two unloaded horses, was bringing up the rear; but when the Indians and myself reached the summit and looked back for him, he was not in sight. We waited some time, but he did not come. Two Indians went to look for him and returned only the next morning. The brother had been found after passing the night in the wilderness, but the horses had strayed and were never recovered.

In the spring of 1846, the Indians prepared for their usual hunt. There were about thirty Flatheads and forty Pends d'Oreilles under their aged chief Frizè, all young men, strong and robust. Although by my own experience and that of others I was persuaded that little good was to be gained by

following the Indians on their hunt, I felt moved to go on this expedition. I made known my intention to the chiefs, who merely glanced at one another and said nothing. All was soon ready and we started. On the second day of our journey we reached the Columbia River, and we were travelling along a steep ravine when suddenly we saw one of the pack horses darting down the steep incline and plunging into the river. It was folly to think of stopping him, so he had to be given his own way. When he had reached the middle of the stream, the packages, all of which had been loosened by the waters, slipped off his back and sank in the current. Then he turned quietly around, swam ashore, and rejoined the party.

Imagine my feelings when I found that the articles thus lost were my blanket and provisions, and all the necessaries for saying Mass. Somebody had conceived the idea of transferring my things to the back of this wild horse, and now I was left in a state of destitution. I knew nothing of the change, and now knew as little what to do. Should I go forward or go back? No blankets, no provisions, no Mass! Was it not a manifestation of God's will that I should not go on the expedition? But after all was not the accident rather the effect of carelessness than anything else? I settled these doubts by resolving to go ahead, and so I did. Biledot accompanied us, for he had finished his work in the mills and was returning to Canada.

After a few days passed, our party fell in with that of an old French trader from whom we obtained an abundant supply of ammunition. Two or three days were spent in barter, and again we pressed onward over mountains after mountains until the Missouri burst upon our view. Biledot was no longer with us. He had remained with the trader. Eventually he reached Canada, and died there surnamed "the saint," so upright was his life.

The Missouri at the place where we were to cross it was about one mile wide. The Indian men plunged boldly in, driving the horses before them. Every two horses supported a bundle between them, and whenever they showed signs of fatigue the men raised the war cry to stir up in the animals all the energy that still remained. Women clad in their dresses swam to the other side. Children too young to brave the current were placed on top of the folded skins of a wigwam and towed over by a horse or two. As I could not swim, I had to imitate the ways of childhood, and getting down on my hands and knees, I passed over on one of the bundles. The passage was very tedious, and occupied

more than an hour, for the current was strong and carried us far down the stream before we could gain the other side. But we met with no mishap, and having lighted large fires and dried ourselves and our clothing, we formed our party once more and started in search of buffaloes.

After eight days we found what, as I afterwards learned, was more to the taste of our warriors than antelope or bison, a camp of Blackfeet. Preparations for a pitched battle among Indians are far more expeditious than those among white men. When the enemy is sighted, word flies from mouth to mouth, and all is hurry and bustle for a few minutes. Some strip themselves naked. These are the poor men from whom the enemy can expect to get little. Others clothe themselves in calicoes of flaming colors to show their riches and invite the attack of such as dare face them.[1] One thing yet remained to be done; the women and children and the missionary must be taken to a place of safety. A thicket was chosen and Frizè ordered me to go to it. I protested that I would accompany the warriors. The order to go was repeated, and immediately two Indians placed themselves one on either side of me, and escorted me to the thicket.

Firing had already begun on both sides, and the plain was covered with horsemen curvetting and striving to get a chance to kill some one of the enemy. An Indian battle consists of a multitude of single combats. There are no ranks, no battalions, no united efforts. "Every man for himself" is the ruling principle, and victory depends on personal bravery and good horsemanship. There is no random shooting, every Flathead or Blackfoot always aims for the waist.

Arrived at the thicket, I found it already fortified by the old men and the women who had retired thither. Lodges had been set up in various places, and behind these the Flatheads would make their last stand if beaten in the field. A hillock separated us from the plain, but we could hear the whizzing of the balls as they passed over our heads. No cry was raised during the battle, but we heard the reports of the rifles nearer and nearer, and knew that our warriors were hard pressed. I had no sooner reached the thicket than I raised my hands to heaven and prayed fervently. The battle lasted nearly all day, but excitement and anxiety caused hours to pass like moments. The sun was already low in the heavens when a man entered the thicket and asked for ammunition. I questioned him about the fortunes

[1] The Blackfeet were accustomed to strip the dead; the Flatheads took nothing but the horse, arms, ammunition, saddle and blanket of the fallen.

of the battle. "Four are already killed," said he, "and others are wounded. The day is lost. Our men are retreating and will soon be here. The Blackfeet will then surround us and all will soon be over." The children, hearing his words, began to cry most piteously. I gave the warrior what powder I could find, and off he hastened to join once more in the battle.

The cry of the children was heart-rending, and if ever a fervent prayer went up from my heart it went up then. The warrior who had just left us was met by the retreating Flatheads. "What is the father doing?" they asked. "He is praying for us," was the answer. Immediately, as with one voice, they raised a joyous cry and all to a man darted down the hill to meet the enemy. The Blackfeet, thinking perhaps that the man brought news of reinforcements, turned and fled, four hundred before seventy. The shots, at first loud and numerous, grew fewer and fainter in the distance, and as the sun was sinking in the west our victorious warriors returned, bearing with them the bodies of the four slain. The enemy, leaving twenty-four upon the field, had sought safety in their camp.

Upon starting next morning I heard some shots, and asking the reason, I was told that the battle had been renewed. I told the chief that we had come to hunt buffaloes and not to fight. He recalled his warriors and they obeyed, but with great reluctance. He told me that we could not avoid passing before the Blackfeet, and, in fact, no sooner had we passed the hillock which had sheltered us than we saw the Blackfeet upon the mountains, but behaving like people that scarcely knew what to do. I was afterwards told that, had I not called the Flatheads from the fight, the village of the enemy, with all its ammuniton, traps, and skins, would have been ours. I knew nothing of the panic that had seized upon the Blackfeet, and considering it as a special grace that we had come forth victorious the day before, I thought that it would be tempting God to endanger our lives again. The Flatheads viewed the matter from a different standpoint, and secret discontent was widespread among them.

Immediately after the engagement on the preceding day we buried our dead. The men scooped holes in the earth with crooked sticks, spoons, etc., until cavities were made three or four feet deep, and each large enough to receive a human body. The earth thus dug was placed upon skins. The bodies were lowered into their graves, then covered with earth, and lastly with grass. Manure was then spread over the place and the horses were made to

trample it down, to make it appear that they had been kept there. Thus the Flatheads concealed their dead from a jealous and vengeful enemy.

After travelling about ten or twelve miles, we halted and encamped to refresh both ourselves and our jaded animals. Soon a man wearing two horns as a kind of head-dress appeared on a hill near at hand. Gabriel advanced, and recognized in him a Frenchman named Chouquet, who lived among the Blackfeet and who had fought against us the day before. Invited to come to the camp and explain his mission, he approached, and on seeing me said, "Your warriors, Father, are truly glorious. The Blackfeet, though five times their number, have been utterly defeated, and mourn twenty-four killed and about forty wounded." He then explained that he had come to ask for the saddle and blanket of one of his wife's servants who had been killed on the preceding day. I called the man who had these articles and bade him restore them to Chouquet, promising that he would lose nothing by so doing. He obeyed without hesitation, greatly to the Frenchman's delight. "What will the Blackfeet say when I go back," said he, "seeing me returning thus, though I gave no compensation?" "That the Flatheads are warriors and not traders" I replied. He answered very kindly and hinted that it would be well for me to return with him and treat of peace with the Blackfeet. I was only too willing to consent, but judged it expedient to call a meeting of the warriors. They listened attentively to what I had to say, and when I had ended, Frizè, though still a pagan, arose, and with a countenance perfectly unmoved and without even casting a glance at Chouquet, said: "Father, you little know the man with whom you deal. If you knew him you would not go. If, however, you are bent on going, we shall accompany you, and remain on the summits of the surrounding hills while you go to the camp of the enemy. And if while you are there we hear the report of a gun, we shall take it for granted that it is a gun levelled against your life. Then shall we descend to avenge your death, and we shall not cease until either we or the others will be utterly destroyed. Go then if you will, but such is our decision." Chouquet who knew no Flathead did not know the purport of this speech. I excused myself to him as unable to go at that time, for I did not wish to imperil the expedition for my own sake. He left our camp and took with him his recovered property.

The Flatheads had sent back on the preceding evening two women captured during the battle, and whom I, not knowing their full history, had insisted on having sent back.

"Father," said one of my Indians when they had complied with my order, "these women do more harm to our tribe than a dozen men." "How?" I asked in astonishment. "Because," replied he, "they have again and again made signs to warriors of our nation that they had some information to impart, and have thus drawn our men within rifle-shot of the Blackfeet who were concealed near at hand." Had I known this at first I would have acted with greater caution.

The Blackfeet did not dare molest us again, and as we soon fell in with buffaloes, the hunt began. This lasted until we had abundance of meat, and then the party scattered, each to return home how and when he pleased. Ten lodges remained with me, and we started homeward. When the band was still two days' journey from the village, I started ahead and found to my surprise everybody on the point of abandoning the place, for the report had been spread that we had fallen victims to the Blackfeet. The news of our victory changed their terror into joy, and the safe arrival of all the others with their loads of buffalo meat filled the measure of Flathead happiness. No, the measure was not quite full, for the remembrance of their recall from the battle, and of the dismissal of the captives, was fresh in their minds and caused much discontent. Moreover, from this time the best of the Indians began to be snatched away by death. One by one they disappeared, until the Indians themselves began to marvel at the fact and asked me what I thought of it. To them I gave evasive answers, but unbosoming myself to Very Rev. Fr. General, I wrote: "It is my firm belief that God has established this mission for the salvation of certain chosen souls, and that when these are saved the misson will be no more."

In 1847, the trouble with Little Farò reached the culminating point. He was a man of medium height, rather thin but sinewy, possessed of a good amount of talent, and he had long been most ambitious to become a chief. Fortune, however, did not smile upon him; and he was not a chief. Once when the warriors were starting on a hunting expedition, Farò came to me and said, "I am going hunting; where shall we make our prayer?" "Make it in your lodge" I answered, referring to him personally. Farò left me and started on his journey. At the first halting place he rang a bell and called all the people to his lodge. This was usurping the rights of the chief and was entirely beyond my intention. "The father says that prayer should be made in my lodge" was his announcement when all had assembled. Dissensions immediately arose. Some remained there out of respect

for me, others, indignant that I should thus determine chiefs, went away. I called the people together and disclaimed having had any part in Farò's action.

This turned Farò against me, for he saw that I would not be a tool for the furtherance of his ambitious plans. He therefore began to depreciate Catholic missionaries and to praise the Protestant ministers, saying that nobody among these Indians knew how to read, etc., but that, if Protestants were there, things would be far different. He even went so far as to get up in the church, after I had left it at the end of my instruction, and harangue the people. I refused to say Mass and laid an interdict upon the church unless the disorder was stopped. The Indians forced Farò to go on his knees before the chiefs and receive a slight punishment. He submitted outwardly, for the time being, but soon began to grumble again and to spread dissatisfaction among the Indians. How aptly could I apply the words of the Gospel. "Inimici hominis domestici ejus."[1]

Amid the darkness surrounding the Flathead mission, there were at times rays of light, special graces granted. One of the greatest of these was the saving of Br. Bellomo. I relate the facts as I received them from the lips of the brother. He had been sent with Br. Savio to the Coeur d'Alênes, and in crossing a very swift creek, the raft on which they were struck a stump and upset. Clothing, boxes, Indian, and brothers were soon in the water. Br. Savio and the Indian could swim, Br. Bellomo could not, and soon sank. Br. Savio, who had enough to do to save his own life, swam ashore, while the Indian swam around searching for Br. Bellomo, but could not find him. "I sank feet downward," said the brother in relating the facts to me, "until I reached the bottom, and there I remained. Looking upward, I seemed to see the sky, blue and spangled with stars, but everything was far off and dim. 'O holy Virgin,' said I, 'if my time has come, I am ready.' At the same moment I felt myself pushed upwards, and when I reached the surface, the Indian grasped me by the hair, and I was saved." According to all accounts, he had remained so long under water that, without supernatural intervention, he must

[1] The Flathead mission was not the only one in which there had been trouble. The Cœur d'Alênes, ungrateful for the efforts of their missionaries, also proved refractory. I myself, when once on a visit to their mission, beheld an old man, torch in hand, staggering towards a keg of powder to set fire to it. He had been displeased at a division of goods that had been made, and not knowing what he did in the excess of his passion, he was only prevented from doing a great deal of mischief by some of the younger men who seized him in time. The missionaries, in fact, abandoned the place and left the tribe six months without spiritual help. This brought the Cœur d'Alênes to terms, and ever after they were more tractable.

have been drowned. Half naked the three of them travelled by land to the mission; the box arrived by water some days before them, and was found by our Indians floating in the lake. It was found to contain puppets which had been obtained for the mission in order to afford some amusement on days of festivity.

It was about this time that the Indians as usual went hunting. It happened, however, that one day they were sadly in need of water, and, though they searched long and earnestly, were unable to find any. At length they came upon a stagnant pool, and, urged by thirst, many of the less prudent drank deeply. Soon they began to complain of feeling unwell, and after a few days some died. Others grew thin and weak, and reached home in an exhausted condition. Having inquired into the matter, I became convinced that the evil lay in the water which had been drunk, and I administered purgatives to the sufferers. My convictions were true. The water had contained the spawn of fishes and frogs, and many of the eggs had been hatched and were alive and contented in the stomachs of those who had drunk at the stagnant pool. Such unpleasant tenants having been summarily evicted, my patients rapidly improved and were soon well. The number saved, however, was small; for most of the sick had perished before reaching home.

With the year 1848 came the last days of the mission, though neither I nor anybody else foresaw that the catastrophe was so near at hand. I had indeed already written to Very Rev. Fr. General that if things kept on as they were going I would give the mission but two years more to last; still the blow when it came took me by surprise. The Indians had started upon their usual hunt, Grand Chief Victor remaining behind at the village. Far away from the mission, and freed from his control, they gave themselves up to the indulgence of their passions. One day a young man arrived on horseback at the village; he was personally unknown to me, but had come from the hunting party. "O Father," said he, "if you only knew how the people have behaved! They have behaved even worse than they did before you came." I was shocked at his recital, but merely answered that on their return they would hear me.

The young man left the village and retraced his steps to the camp. What he said to the hunters I do not know, but when the hunt was over and the people returned, the young folks kept aloof, and only the old men and the married women came to smoke the pipe with me. I spoke about the hunt but made no mention of their disorders; I appoint-

ed separate days for the confessions of the young and old, married and unmarried, and then dismissed them. That very day, while making my thanksgiving after Mass, I heard a great deal of talking and bustle outside, and when, on finishing my thanksgiving, I went to investigate the cause, I saw a great number of horses packed for a journey. The owners soon mounted and rode away, and I remained alone with those Indians that had not gone hunting. The others, after having travelled about eight miles, pitched their camp. The chasm separating me and my flock was now marked and open; the grand chief alone could bring them to a sense of their duty, so I applied to him; but his only answer was: "*Tas misten?* (What can I do?)"

The runaways encamped near two Americans, Messrs. Owens and Porter, and as these gentlemen had already visited the mission and invited me to return their visit, I set out hoping to find some means of bringing back those who had strayed from the fold. I was kindly received and entertained, but no Indians except little Farò put in an appearance. Sorrowfully, as evening approached, I turned my face towards St. Mary's and considered what I should do. The time for our yearly consultation had arrived, so in a day or two I set out for the Cœur d'Alênes. There we decided that the mission among the discontented Indians should be closed for a time, in order to punish them and bring them to a sense of duty.

I then asked that I might be allowed to go to some place where I should hear nothing of what was going on. I was accordingly sent to Willamette, where I arrived safely after a long journey, and sent back the two Indians who had accompanied me. Poor fellows! they were attacked on their way back by the Blackfeet; one was badly wounded, and they barely escaped with their lives. I remained in Oregon for a few years, and was then ordered to California, so that when sorrow for the past had taken possession of the Flatheads, and Victor came in the name of his tribe to ask me to return, I was already far away. Often have I tried to get back, but without success; yet, though constrained by obedience to be separated in body, my love goes back, and will ever go back to the joys, sorrows, and trials of my dear Flathead mission.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Eighth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND,
December 31, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

Here I am seated on a little ten-pounder "parrot" cannon, a small but wicked gun, as the enemy can testify. Though no match for her thirty, sixty or one hundred-pound sisters, she is the pride of the camp. To the rear, to the right and left, lies an expanse of salt water; in front, a sheet of white, glistening sand extends as far as the eye can reach. Overhead is a broiling, unsparing sun, which darts down upon me its almost perpendicular rays. Around me are men whiling away, in every conceivable manner, time the most precious. Scattered here and there, on all available pieces of level surface, are squads of soldiers going through every species of military exercise except actual battle. Abundant sources of meditation, you will say, but poor encouragement to write a letter. Ample materials, however, are at hand, especially these last days, for a lengthy communication; but, contrary perhaps to what you may imagine, I have but very little leisure to use them. The hospitals alone constantly call for a large portion of my attention, as you may see from the following statement.

There are on the island three regular stations, into which are gathered those in need of medical or surgical treatment, to each of which I make a daily visit. These establishments are situated at a distance of two miles from each other. Therefore, starting from the central building, near which are my quarters, I have to walk eight miles in order to see the sick and wounded and return to camp. The time required for this little journey over the sandy desert depends on the number and condition of the patients. For in these infirmaries I have a little chat with each of the inmates, Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Gentiles. I give them the latest news, distribute a few numbers of the N. Y. *Tablet*, write letters

for some poor fellows, teach a little catechism and a few prayers; and if time allows, I show an interest in a game of draughts or chess played by parties of the convalescent. We thus become well acquainted and great friends. The Catholics, of course, go to confession; some Protestants ask for instruction on various points, and in due time receive baptism and die children of the Church. These poor fellows see in Protestantism no sacraments for the dying, no consolation for the soldier; and, above all, they see for poor soldiers no forgiveness of sins. In this simple, unostentatious way, incalculable good is done during these regular and leisurely calls at the hospitals. Those restored to health remain within my easy reach and become very efficient instruments of good among their comrades.

It takes hours to complete the rounds and return to quarters; for, besides the delay in the various wards, the walk itself over the fine dry sand is necessarily slow and fatiguing. At times I say my office on the way, and thus gain some time; but generally, on account of the glare of the sand under the scorching sun, I find it impossible to read in the open air. After an absence of several hours, I return, thoroughly exhausted, to the camp. I am then expected to report at headquarters whatever I may have noticed worthy of remark in the treatment of sick and wounded. This alone, you would say, is a good day's work. Besides these stated calls, I am of course occasionally summoned day and night either to the hospital, or to the picket or guard-line for sudden cases. Boats, too, from the men-of-war anchored far off, or from newly arrived vessels, come from time to time to the island to take me out to attend to some sailor or marine whose disease or wounds have brought him to the close of life.

The terrific bombardment of Fort Pickens took place on Friday, the 22nd of November last. We had been expecting this great event from the very day we began to land our forces on Santa Rosa. At last, when we were about to renounce all hope of beholding this awful display of artificial thunder and the consequent destruction it was sure to effect, it burst on us with the irresistible fury of the hurricane. The general and remote reason of the bombardment is evident to all; the immediate reason, if any, is as yet unknown outside the near vicinity of department headquarters. Many causes may be and are assigned, but these have existed since our first landing here.

Owing to the shallowness of the water near the forts and batteries held by the enemy, the heavy draught of some of our vessels, and the small caliber of the armament of others,

the fleet was unable to take the prominent part in the engagement which that branch of the service was expected to take. As it was, the work of the navy was more effective than that of the army. The *Richmond* (whose surgeon is John Murphy, graduate of Fordham College) and the flag-ship *Niagara* were the only men-of-war of the squadron whose long-range guns enabled them to keep up the fight at ebb tide. The other vessels, receding with the fall of the tide, reluctantly saw themselves reduced to mere spectators, during low tide, for want of guns of proper range.

On the 20th of November we were officially notified that the bombardment of the enemy's forts and batteries would be opened immediately, and that the infantry were to have a part in it. The 20th and 21st passed by without bringing forth anything very unusual. Yet the suppressed excitement was so intense that no one thought of sleeping at night, or scarcely of eating during the day. The trusted Sixth Regiment was put on guard, in order to remove even the possibility of a deserter escaping from the island to convey to the enemy tidings of our intentions.

Some misgivings about the result found utterance here and there, especially amongst the infantry. If we should be worsted, and the fort silenced, what could prevent Gen. Bragg from putting thirty thousand troops on Santa Rosa? If we should succeed in silencing the enemy, we have no means of following up our success; we have no boats. These were some of the doubts and fears expressed by a few.

On the night of the 21st, an orderly from department headquarters in Pickens informed us that next day we should open on the enemy's defences, forts and batteries, and that the flag-ship *Niagara* would hoist a red flag as a signal that all was in readiness. At early dawn every eye was directed towards the *Niagara* in search of the all-important signal. But where is the *Niagara?* Where is our fleet? What a transformation has taken place! When the sun rose, the surface of the gulf was as clear and unruffled as that of a mirror; yet our men-of-war presented the appearance of having passed through a terrific storm. The spars had all disappeared, the masts, which had been lowered, seemed to have been snapped off at the middle, the jib-booms had been hauled in; aye, the very bowsprits had in some way been withdrawn from sight. The gallant ships had during night divested themselves of their exquisite beauty and symmetry, and assumed the garb and position of intrepid combatants determined to conquer or die.

We had taken our frugal breakfast; the morning was passing away; and yet the *Niagara* failed to hoist the anx-

iously expected signal. At 8 o'clock precisely, at the top of the flag-ship's now stumpy mainmast, the long-watched-for flag appeared. A signal is run up on the flag-staff of Fort Pickens, and down goes the all-important banner of the *Niagara*. From Pickens three steamboats are seen starting down the bay from Pensacola towards the navy yard. Presently an aide-de-camp is seen galloping along the commands and batteries, informing them that the authorities have decided to postpone the opening shot till these three boats reach their docks, when we shall have an additional opportunity of punishing the enemy. Down come the unsuspecting steamers with flying colors, now the object of our concentrated attention. They reach their docks. They are moored.

At 9.30 A. M. precisely, all is in readiness. Up goes the flag once more, and instantaneously every cannon on the island belches forth its worst. The squadron, in fighting trim, slipped their cables, and boldly moved in towards the enemy's defences, as near as the depth of the water permitted, taking charge of Fort McCrae and the adjoining batteries. The roar of artillery on our side is incessant, whilst not a shot is fired by those on the other side. They have been taken by surprise, and know not what to do; or, not expecting an attack, the men are absent from their guns. Shell and solid shot continued to be sent across the bay; yet no response came. After about fifteen minutes a roaring shell is heard ploughing its way over to us from the navy yard, and immediately every hostile fort and battery sends a shower of metal on poor Santa Rosa. The fleet seems to be concentrating its fire against Fort McCrae. Ships armed with heavy guns are driving terrible projectiles against its venerable sides. Shell after shell drops into the old defender of Pensacola, and explodes with telling effect. For we see rising out of it a column of smoke which is becoming blacker and denser every instant. The interior is evidently on fire. The flag-staff is shattered by a shell, but the flag in its fall is caught by some projection, and defiantly flutters in our faces. McCrae slackens its fire, but the men-of-war have made up their minds to destroy it. In dead earnest they send one broadside after another into and against the tottering sentinel. They have completely silenced the historic fort. Not a shot comes from it, but no sign of surrendering is visible, no white flag appears. The batteries, whose barking has, till now, been almost unheeded by the vessels, become in their turn the object of the destructive naval batteries that have knocked McCrae *hors de combat*.

The Zouaves, who, up to this time, have been merely look-

ing on from their camp at the fierce struggle, are now ordered by signal to march to the fort and batteries. A body of men moving over the white field of sand will be an unresisting target for the southern cannon. Calling his staff around him, Col. Wilson said: "What am I to do? If I tell the men to march forward singly behind the sand-hills, and dodge the shots of the hostile batteries, I shall be accused of cowardice, and punished as a coward. If I lead them in open view of the enemy, I shall be accused of uselessly exposing the soldiers' lives, and punished for such recklessness."

After a brief exchange of opinions, it was unanimously agreed that we should boldly march along the northern beach, exposed to the hostile fire. Off we moved. Shell and shot sped over us, before us, and behind us, yet not one of us was hurt. We reached the batteries safely, but Wilson was publicly reprimanded for unnecessarily exposing the lives of the soldiers. Some of the Zouaves were detailed among the batteries, others were stationed as sentinels to report any indication of the enemy's preparing to make an attempt at landing on our island. Very little damage had thus far been done by our adversaries' shells and solid balls. They went wide of the mark.

About noon, Captain Chalfin of the regular army, a convert to our faith, who had charge of a cannon stationed on the parapet, sent me word that he would like to see me for a moment at his dangerous position. Hastening up to the place indicated, I met old Colonel Brown, Commander-in-chief, who fiercely asked me why I thus exposed my life. On learning that I was obeying a call to duty, he said, "Well done, Father. I shan't forget this in public orders." Arriving at Captain Chalfin's battery, I enquired who was hurt. "No one" replied the brave captain, "but our situation is most dangerous. In the lower batteries men and officers have bomb-proof protection, here we have no kind of covering. We stand in full view, exposed to every shot. Being all Catholics in charge of this gun, we have christened it 'The Immaculate Conception,' and we request you now to bless it and us." On the high parapet, facing the forts and batteries of our determined opponents, the captain and his brave and faithful Catholic soldiers knelt down, and from the bottom of my heart I gave the blessing asked.

In spite of the imminent danger surrounding the place, I was strongly tempted to remain on the battlement and contemplate the havoc effected by our monstrous guns and the earnest and continuous efforts manifested all along both lines to destroy all barriers to complete success. As a shell came

screeching towards us, Chalfin said: "Father, take one short look at the work of the fleet on your left, and go down out of this place, as soon as you can, to a casemate for safety." The fleet was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, from which issued continuous sheets of flame, an indication of the giant projectiles rapidly and forcibly cast against the opposing works. Descending from the parapet, I again met Col. Brown, who, with field-glass in hand, was surveying the condition of affairs. "Attended to your work up there?" he said enquiringly. On receiving my answer he continued: "It is a fierce fight, and very little damage done. Nothing has happened to us, and we have done little else than silence McCrae, and check its adjacent batteries. The enemy have on wheels a heavy gun which they keep moving from point to point, and whose range we cannot get. It may do us a deal of harm. Firing no two shots from the same position, it easily evades our gunners. Its managers have us clearly within exact range, but the shells fail to explode." He then called my attention to the fleet receding from the batteries. The tide is ebbing and the vessels have to keep to the deep water. The fort and batteries, aided by only two men-of-war, the *Niagara* and *Richmond*, whose long-range guns enable them to keep up the fight, have now to sustain the combat till the returning tide permits the others to resume their place in the obstinate conflict.

Having come down to one of the batteries, a bomb-proof, managed by Company I of the Zouaves, I was besieged by questions about the appearance of things outside, especially about the fleet's work. The roar of artillery was incessant and crushing till half past three P. M., when all the cannon became dangerously heated. The firing then had to be considerably slackened. At four P. M. I was summoned to an advance battery, where, the messenger said, a hostile shell had done dreadful work. Dodging through flying projectiles, amidst the hurrahs of the boys, I reached the scene of the casualty. The case was not so bad as I had been given to understand. One was killed and another badly wounded, both the result of reckless courage. Having eaten nothing since morning, I thankfully accepted the invitation of the men of the battery to partake of the rations just then distributed amongst them; and as these poor fellows, being nearest to the enemy, were the most exposed of the command, I resolved to remain with them. At 6.30 P. M. the canonade practically ceased.

The weather had been intensely oppressive all day. Not a breath of air had been stirring. About 7 P. M. the clouds rapidly rose and gathered over the scene of this day's ex-

pensive work. About 8 P. M. the rain began to fall in torrents — something like the old-time rainy season. The shower lasted an hour, without, however, preventing occasional shots from the opposing batteries.

As a precautionary measure against any attempt at landing on Santa Rosa, a strong, double guard is stationed along the beach. The men-of-war have recourse to steam as a safeguard against any move made by Bragg's men to board them. They have a contrivance whereby they can readily scald to death any force climbing up their sides. During the entire night we kept up the fight by mortars placed at intervals along the north beach. Every discharge from these monster instruments of destruction (the shells used were fifteen inches in diameter) shook our island like an earthquake.

Casualties of the first day's action — one killed, one wounded; both the result of recklessness.

Saturday, November 23. Weather beautiful; no attempt at a surprise was made by either party; flags are flying defiantly on both sides; the fleet has been augmented by the arrival of more ships eager for the fray, which, however, are without long-range guns; all are in fighting trim. The usual morning routine of camp life is carried out; all the various calls have been beaten and answered. "Is the bombardment over?" ask the soldiers.

At 8.30 A. M. "quarters" are beaten; the *Niagara* runs up her flag. At 9 precisely the bombardment is renewed with increased force, perhaps with increased animosity. The gallant ships signalled "shoreward," slipped their anchors, and with flying colors, and every man at his post, advanced to look for an antagonist and resume the fight. They had little to do. Fort McCrae is prostrate. The batteries within reach of the vessels near the "point" are silent. After a few moments delay, Barrancas and its neighboring batteries responded to Pickens' fire. Both sides had better range, and consequently were doing more damage to property. The *Richmond* and *Niagara*, the former in advance, finding in the outer waters no foe worthy of their steel, steamed in to engage Barrancas and its supports, which had continued to offer such a stout resistance to the heavy blows inflicted by Pickens and its brave auxiliaries. The *Richmond's* shells were soon dropping with disastrous effect into Barrancas; for we heard some explosions, and beheld smoke and flames shoot up from the interior for a while. The flag, however, remained proudly waving. All our heavy guns were then trained on the old Spanish relic—Barrancas. Its responses

from some cause became weak; but it persistently refused to haul down its colors.

But the "movable" heavy gun, whose sudden appearance and disappearance yesterday annoyed Col. Brown not a little, ran down behind a hill or a piece of woodland, and accepted the daring challenge of the two men-of-war armed with powerful batteries. The tide was rapidly ebbing. The majority of the vessels had already withdrawn to deeper water. The batteries and forts seem to slacken their fire for a while in order to enjoy the fierce conflict between the flag-ship and her consort on one side, and the mysterious cannon on the other. The ships are evidently firing at random; but the ubiquitous gun takes accurate aim and hits nearly every time. The noble steamers are evidently cramped in their movements by the want of deep water. They now use only their bow batteries. The water has become so dangerously shallow that they dare not lie in a position to give broadsides.

There! the *Richmond* is fast aground! Terrible target for the "movable!" The *Niagara*, fearing a similar fate, abandons her position and consort, and puts off for the gulf. "Poor Richmond!" was the sympathetic expression on every one's lips. The other vessels endeavored to come to her aid but their efforts were in vain—their shots fell short. The fort and batteries gave a little help. All the guns of long range, and the mortars, were trailed in the direction of the concealed antagonist, to discover and disable him. But he kept jumping from place to place and taking unerring aim at the now stationary target. Still the noble *Richmond* continued single-handed the uneven contest as serenely as if she was riding in fifty fathoms. Shot after shot struck the stranded ship till, from some cause, she swung round, and her altered position enabled the untiring gunners to work their pieces with greater advantage. After a few bitter shots, now nearly broadside on, from the hampered *Richmond*, the great "movable" became absolutely silent. We afterwards heard that one of the powerful shells of the grounded steamer had struck and completely disabled him.

Having now no adversary, the indomitable ship triumphantly awaited the returning tide to attack at close quarters the remaining defences of the enemy. She had not long to wait. "The *Richmond* is free! Three cheers for the *Richmond!*" was shouted all along the water batteries.

The unflinching ship, no doubt badly hurt, but, as far as we can see, by no means disabled, gave a few lusty blasts of her whistle, and with flying colors advanced and threw her monstrous shells once more against Barrancas. After hav-

ing shown her ability to keep up the fight, and probably fearful of touching bottom so far in towards the bay, the undaunted man-of-war steamed out into the gulf to examine her timbers. In the fierce contest which she so nobly maintained, she had several of her brave men wounded, but only one killed—a gunner whose head was shot off whilst he was in the act of sighting his piece.

Whilst the *Richmond* was thus gallantly defending herself, and covering herself and the fleet with imperishable honors, the navy-yard battery got a good range on an angle of Pickens, whose bricks it caused to fly. Shot after shot struck exactly the same spot, and seemed to threaten a breach. Col. Brown then ordered the fire to be concentrated on that battery. But this effort caused only a loss of the range, it did not silence the guns. As the incipient breach assumed a serious appearance, the venerable colonel asked for volunteers to climb up and repair the gap. A score of hands were raised, the repairs were effected, and the terribly earnest cannonade went on.

I should remark here that the projectors and constructors of Fort Pickens never calculated on the possibility of a serious attack on its rear face. Their object was to render the fort invulnerable on the ocean side, from which alone an enemy was to be expected. Hence, whilst arming the three irregular faces (east, west, and south), with three tiers of casemate guns, and the parapet with barbette guns, they left the fourth face or north side, which fronts the bay and hostile batteries, comparatively weak, without glacis or any other protection. They thought, no doubt, that it would be a useless expenditure. Col. Brown remedied the oversight, as far as possible, by a liberal use of sand-bags. As the enemy were as well acquainted with the details of the structure of Pickens as our own officers were, they planted heavy columbiads opposite the weak side in order to effect a breach ; and they were very near seeing their efforts crowned with success—a result which, I think, would have proved disastrous to us.

Early in the afternoon, word came to the battery where I had taken up my quarters, that Captain Chalfin's gun on the parapet had exploded, and had killed or wounded all belonging to it. Rushing up to the dangerous location, I found indeed only the fragments of "The Immaculate Conception," but the captain and his men were unhurt. On examination it was discovered that there had been a flaw in the casting, and the wonder was that all around it were not killed. The brave and pious captain attributed the preser-

vation of himself and his men to the protection of our Blessed Mother. He and his men, amidst the flying and fear-inspiring missiles, knelt down and offered their grateful thanks to her whose aid has never been invoked in vain.

As evening approached, some of the enemy's batteries became slack. But a new and vigorous battery opened on us from the town of Warrington or Woolsey—two hamlets near the navy yard. As this was evidently calculated to do us considerable mischief, and as the houses prevented us from determining its location, Captain Robinson, who commanded a water battery, was directed to burn the town and thus reach this new enemy. He immediately had his furnaces made ready, and sent across the bay a shower of red-hot shot. It was thought that these red-hot balls would penetrate deep into barns, stables, residences, etc., and, gradually heating the combustible matter in which they would lodge, start conflagrations simultaneously in different quarters of the town, and thus drive off or expose to view the battery that threatened so much mischief. The result corresponded but poorly to the expectations of the projectors of this kind of attack; for no flames were seen to start up, and the battery continued to throw from the village a lively and well directed shower of shot and shell against Pickens and its supports. Towards sunset, Captain Robinson told me that as soon as the order to interrupt the bombardment for the night should be issued, he would use rock and rope-fire to effect what red-hot shot had failed to do.

About 5 P. M. an orderly came to request my presence in one of the casemates of the fort. Hastening to the place indicated, I found seven men stretched on the floor. They were all living, but severely if not mortally wounded, and bleeding profusely. I heard the confessions of the poor fellows, and was about to administer extreme unction, when a couple of surgeons arrived, who examined and dressed the wounds, and assured me there was no necessity for anointing the patients, as there was no immediate danger. The casualty was caused in a rather singular manner. A large shell, fired from one of the enemy's guns, had struck the edge of a port-hole and knocked off bricks and pieces of bricks which were driven in with great force upon the men, terribly cutting and bruising them about the face and head. The ponderous shell itself, crashing through the port-hole with the bricks, did not touch the men, but smashed the gun-carriage, and then rolled amongst the prostrate men over the floor of the casemate towards the powder magazine, the door of which was open. The fuse continued to burn and sparkle as the crushing mass was

making its way into the magazine, where an immense supply of fixed ammunition and some loose powder were stored. Two of the nine men in the casemate were uninjured, but so paralyzed by the knowledge of what they were sure must soon happen, that they made no motion to extinguish the fuse till the shell had passed through the open door into the magazine. Then recovering their senses, they rushed to do what they should have done whilst the instrument of destruction was within their reach. But to their utter surprise and satisfaction they found the fuse extinguished. Had the shell exploded, the fort would have been blown up; and no doubt, as there would be no one to explain the cause of the calamity, the dreadful occurrence would have been attributed to the treachery or carelessness of some of our own men.

At sunset, the cannonade, which had been rather weak on both sides all the afternoon, was brought to a close for the day. The casualties for the army for this day were seven wounded, no one killed. On board the *Richmond* seventeen were wounded, and one killed. No one was hurt on board the other vessels.

No sooner had the sun withdrawn from the scene of this day's havoc than Captain Robinson sent for me, and informed me that, notwithstanding his great desire to save it, the little Catholic chapel of Warrington across the bay was doomed to annihilation. The battery, ensconced in or behind the village, had got too correct a range to be allowed to live another day. After the result of to-day's efforts it was evident, he said, that in order to dislodge the obnoxious guns he must burn Warrington. Whilst he was speaking, his fifteen-inch mortars were being charged. "Now Father," he said to me, "though you will witness the ruin of the sacred edifice of your brethren across the bay, it will be worth your while to pass the night in my battery, and view the awful scene of a town set on fire, and no one allowed to extinguish the conflagration." Pending the proper moment for the commencement of these fiery hostilities, supper was served, and occasional shots were exchanged to prevent either side from resting.

It was about dark when Captain Robinson said to me: "Take your stand here, Father; you can see everything without incurring much danger. Time to begin!" The order was given. The mortars in quick succession belched forth the terrible shells carrying in their fiery bosoms such destructive materials as rope-fire, which, on the explosion of the shell high in the air over the fated town, fell down on the roofs in long trains somewhat resembling ropes; or such as rock-fire, which the bursting shell let fall in lumps

or blazing showers, and which fastening on combustible matter speedily set it on fire.

Presently flames began to shoot up here and there; fire-bells, or what we took for fire-bells, were heard reverberating over the water, calling together the people to check the devouring fiend. The blaze, however, continuing to rise and spread, showed us that the conflagration was not confined to a few houses, and that any attempt on the part of the citizens to extinguish it was useless. The flames were soon bursting forth from the roofs, and simultaneously from opposite points. In a very short time the entire towns of Woolsey and Warrington were lighted up by their own destroyer. The humble cottage, the home of the employee of the navy yard, the neat white steeple of the Catholic church, and the buildings which, before the war, had served as residences for naval officers and their families, all were ablaze. Cannon and mortars, whose shells were plainly visible by the ring of fire described by the burning fuse, have ceased their terrific roar. Officers and soldiers, receiving no response to their last shots, looked in silent wonder on the fierce conflagration they had started. The flames, descending through roofs and steeples which they had consumed, reached the interior of church and dwelling. The burning houses seemed gradually to approach, till the conflagration, viewed from our distant position, was one broad sheet of flame and smoke, rising heavenward and throwing a fearful glare over bay, forts, island, ships, and gulf. When the fire appeared to be at its height, the wind rose and caught the blaze, which, like a storm-struck forest, swayed to and fro. The reflection of the fiery sheets along the edge of the bay, playing through what was still in position of the dark rigging of the men-of-war, gave our ships the appearance of dismal spectres grimly rejoicing at the awful havoc. We could even imagine that we heard distinctly the surging and roaring of the unsparing waves of flame. Towards morning the wind turned seawards, and brought across the bay to our shores clouds of smoke which enveloped Santa Rosa and caused us no little alarm at our own destructive work.

Sunday, November 24, dawned bright and clear on us and on our houseless friends and enemies on the other side. Many of those who lost their property, probably their all, by this bombardment, are old employees of the United States, staunch friends of the Union. Such is war. The army and navy, mindful of what these people did for Lieut. Slemmer, will reimburse them for their losses. As far as we could see, little beyond smoking and smouldering ruins

remained for these old friends. For want of the necessary articles, we could not offer the holy sacrifice to-day. We ardently hope that vestments, etc., to replace those lost on the 9th of October, will soon be sent to us. All feel lonely on Sundays without the celebration of Mass. Perhaps our afflicted brethren in Warrington and Woolsey are suffering to-day from the same privation. At 8 A. M. Col. Brown informed the command that he would not disturb the "quiet of the Sabbath" by resuming hostilities unless the enemy opened on us. There was plenty of time for a little sermon and abundant matter for reflection. Everything passed off quietly, and nothing happened to mar in the least the quiet of the day.

Monday the 25th.—All were at work early, each one making his own preparations in expectation of the immediate resumption of the battle; but to the astonishment of all, Col. Brown issued an order at 8 A. M., declaring the bombardment at an end unless the enemy should attack. Freed by this announcement from a good deal of the restraint which the previous cannonade had placed on our movements, men and officers, led by a spirit of curiosity, dispersed over the western extremity of the island, around the fort and batteries, to see the effect of the thundering shells the enemy had sent us. We found those monstrous instruments of devastation lying solid everywhere. Very few comparatively of the enemy's shells had exploded. This accounts to some extent for the small number of casualties on our side. The powder was probably wet or bad, or the shells had been too long charged. Reaching the site of our old camp, we found here and there bombs scattered in profusion, but none of them exploded. No harm, consequently, had been done to our tents which we had left standing.

Whilst we were discussing the great error of Bragg's cannoneers in wasting so much powder and time to destroy an abandoned camp, we heard the screech of a shell ploughing through the air towards us. Nearer and nearer it came. As there was no shelter to which we could retreat, we silently and motionlessly awaited our fate. Will it explode over us, and scattering its fragments do more harm than was done during the entire bombardment? The deafening sound tells us that the iron messenger is at our sides. There! a terrible thud! The bomb fell about thirty feet from us; the fuse was still sparkling. Throwing ourselves prostrate on the ground, we awaited the report, which came in a few seconds. With the noise of a clap of thunder the murderous monster was blown into fragments, but no one was hurt. Will this once more renew the fight? Returning

to Pickens we were informed that the authorities were uncertain as to what they should do. "It was only one shot," remarked Col. Brown, "and very probably it was an accidental discharge or a bravado bolt by some unauthorized soldier." After some delay, and without receiving a second challenge, it was decided to send to the hostile batteries an iron messenger in return. There was no rejoinder; and quiet was again restored.

In the afternoon Captain Chalfin invited me to take a little stroll with him. We visited the wounded, who, though disfigured for life, are doing well. "Father," said this unflinching Catholic soldier, "the scene at night was truly awful. Those fiery shells hissing along through the dark air, and leaving a red track through the heavens, were enough to chill the blood in the veins of the innocent victims inhabiting Woolsey and Warrington. May God in his mercy watch over the poor soldier, and shelter the inoffensive victims of war."

Tuesday the 26th.—Fearing some mishap from the large number of charged bombs lying within and without the fort, Col. Brown gave orders to the ordnance officer to have them carefully removed to some place where no danger could be apprehended from an accidental bursting of any of them. Selecting his help from amongst the most skilful of the regulars, the sergeant appointed to execute the orders began his rather perilous work. Some soldiers, curious to know what was the cause of the non-explosion, scooped out some of the powder of the fuseless shells, in order to subject it to an examination; others took some to send home as a relic or a trophy. The sergeant superintending the handling of these apparently harmless iron balls repeatedly called the attention of the idlers who were foraging amongst them, to the extreme danger to which they were exposing themselves. But all advice was useless. Finally, for the protection of himself and his men, he sent for the officer of the guard to clear those foolhardy prowlers away. But presently a fifteen-inch shell exploded, sending its death-dealing fragments through the crowd of idle on-lookers with fearful effect. When the smoke had been wafted away, and we had recovered sufficiently from the shock to open our eyes and look about us, we saw five men dead—torn to pieces—and nine horribly wounded. We suffered in this a greater loss of life than the entire bombardment had cost us.

One of the victims of this deplorable accident was an engaging drummer boy, in whom Madam Hardey and other Ladies of the Sacred Heart took a lively and to him beneficial interest. His innocence, indeed, con-

trasted so strangely with the kind of life he was leading, and with the wild lives, unfortunately far from edifying at times, of some of those with whom he was obliged continually to associate, that one could not refrain from being deeply concerned about the boy. His innocence was, I think, preserved by the wonderful facility with which he kept himself always employed at something useful or instructive. When free from duty, he did not loll in his tent, or on the warm sand near the spent breakers, but occupied his mind and his hands with amusing incidents or useful objects. For instance, he would devote his free time to the examination of various parts of artillery wagons and harness, to the management of horses and mules, to the working of a cannon in battery or on wheels, or to the polishing and brightening of his buttons, buckles, and drum.

During the bombardment, this lad was the post-adjutant's orderly, and as such had to carry directions from headquarters in Pickens to the various commands stationed in the batteries along the bay-shore. Arrayed in his full uniform, and mounted on a magnificent saddle-mule, he rode up to our quarters the first morning of the bombardment, evidently full of a soldier's pride, to inform me of the important and dangerous post to which he had been assigned, and to make "a little confession." Throughout the big duel, the little fellow, in carrying his orders from post to post, had many narrow escapes, and, young as he was, displayed extraordinary coolness and bravery.

Sad indeed was it that after having gone through the bombardment unharmed, our little drummer should have lost his life by the accidental explosion mentioned above. A flying piece of metal tore his head and neck from his body.

The fierce cannonade with its resulting melancholy accidents is now at an end, to the satisfaction, it is hoped, of all concerned. The only cause of gratification I can see, in the enormous expense incurred by the government, is that we have proved to the enemy that Fort Pickens and Santa Rosa, which a few months ago did not possess as much as an old musket, are now armed with the most powerful ordnance, and defended by the bravest soldiers that any country could wish to possess. Had we the proper means of transportation, we could now easily effect a landing in the neighborhood of Fort McCrae, and outflank all batteries below Barrancas, and thus diminish the enemy's strongholds. Washington answers our appeal for boats with "We have none just now to spare." The gaps opened up to-day, if not seized by us, will soon be repaired by the enemy, and

must be taken again at a sacrifice of life and treasure. Hoping that we shall soon have peace with its many attending blessings, I remain,

Your son in Christ,
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

INNSBRUCK.

A SANCTUARY OF THE OLD SOCIETY.

The Society was first called to Innsbruck in 1560. In that year the Emperor Ferdinand I., who was greatly alarmed lest the faith of the Tyrolese should be tainted by the heresies of the 16th century, invited Bl. Peter Canisius and Fr. Nicholas Lanoy to open a college in Innsbruck. Several fathers were appointed for the task, and in 1561 they began to build a large college, which now forms part of the university buildings, and a church for public services. The church was finished in 1571 and was almost entirely the gift of the Archduke Ferdinand II. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, but was known among the people as the *Jesuitenkirche*. So numerous were the people of all ranks who came to hear the earnest preaching of Ours, that the necessity of erecting a larger edifice was clear to all. The additional land necessary was bought by the pious Archduke Maximilian, of the Order of Teutonic Knights, and the corner-stone of the new church was laid in 1615. The expenses were defrayed by the archduke and the nobility of Innsbruck, and in 1626 the sacred building was ready for consecration. By some strange mishap, the foundations were so poorly built that in this same year a portion of the edifice fell to the ground, and the rest showed such a want of stability that it was resolved to pull down the entire building and to commence the work over again. This time the Society found a generous benefactor in the Archduke Leopold V., who chose the 1st of May, 1627, for the laying of the corner-stone, and who wished that the church might be the burial-vault of himself and his descendants. The troublous times, especially the Swedish wars, were a great hindrance to the completion of the work, and it was not until 1646 that the church was consecrated by Anton von Krosin, Bishop of Brixen. It stands to-day with but few changes since the beginning of this century.

Judged from an architectural stand-point it is said to be the finest church in the city, for it is in a great measure free from the glaring defects of the other Innsbruck churches. The broad front is built in the early Doric style, and its present venerable aspect is very striking. The original plan contemplated two massive towers in front, but these have never been built, and the bells are protected by a wooden structure that is sadly out of harmony with the rest of the building. On each side of the nave are three side-chapels; those on the left are dedicated to our Lady, to St. Pirminius, and to St. Ignatius; those on the right to the Sacred Heart, St. Fortunatus, and St. Francis Xavier. The church, without considering the chapels, is 40 feet broad and 170 feet long. Above the chapels and over the entrance are large galleries for the use of the scholastics, the seminarians, and the male portion of the congregation. The galleries are so arranged that only those in the first bench can see the altar, and as the flooring is of stone, they are anything but desirable places on a cold winter's day. From the arms of the cross springs aloft a magnificently formed cupola, which is as high as the church is long. This cupola, on account of its graceful outlines, is a very conspicuous object in Innsbruck, and it stands out prominently among the many other towers of the neighborhood.

The decorations of the church are very simple, consisting chiefly of a few paintings and statues, and large pillars of a dull reddish marble. These pillars form one of the most expensive features of the church, but their want of finish and their peculiar color hide their beauty, and, at a distance, they look like grim sentinels weeping over the past glories of a once famous temple. The side altars are of a fine Italian marble and of exquisite workmanship. They are all decorated with richly worked relic cases, and among these treasures is the body of St. Pirminius, whose memory is especially honored in the upper Rhine provinces, where he preached the faith in the eighth century. He built the abbey of Hornbach, near the village of Mendelsheim in the diocese of Spires, and there he closed his saintly life on Nov. 3, 754. Here his body rested in peace until 1540, when the abbey passed into the hands of Protestants, who were only too glad to be relieved of their treasure. The sacred relics were then brought to Innsbruck.

The high altar is of marble and of decorated metal work. The latter displays wonderful skill, and gives the altar a very massive and solid appearance. Some of the work is unquestionably fantastic in design, and there are two angels by the tabernacle, apparently almost miraculously held in mid-

air, but the general finish is far superior to anything of the kind one meets with in America. There are two frescoes in the sanctuary, but the figures have no prototypes that I am aware of in nature, and the coloring is so alarming in tone that one cannot help regretting their existence.

The church is sadly in need of repairs. As it has never been given back to the Society but is still held by the government, there are slight hopes of the much desired restoration. The Society is allowed to use it as the university church, all our celebrations take place there, and most of the fathers say Mass there. The services are well attended but the small number of men present is very noticeable.

For the triduum in honor of the three new saints, the sanctuary was tastefully decorated with massive reliquaries and candles, while the ledges of the many niches were adorned with flowers. Solemn Pontifical Mass and Benediction was celebrated on each of the three days; on Sunday by the Premonstratensian Abbot of Wilten, on Monday by the Benedictine Abbot of Fiecht, and on Tuesday by the Cistercian Abbot of Stams. The sermon on Sunday evening was preached by a Franciscan, on Monday by a Capuchin, and on Tuesday by Mgr. Mayr, a secular priest.

The Benedictions appear very strange to those accustomed to the Roman rite. For example, on the first Sunday of the month devotions are held in honor of the Sacred Heart. At half past three Benediction is given with the Blessed Sacrament enclosed in the ciborium. This is followed by the rosary, which is recited from the pulpit by one of the scholastics. At the end of the rosary, Benediction is again given with the ciborium. Then comes the sermon, during which many of the people leave their seats and stand directly opposite the pulpit, which is on the gospel side of the nave and about the middle of the church. The sermons vary in length, but usually last from forty-five minutes to an hour. After the sermon we have the solemn Benediction, which is given in the following manner. When the clergy have entered the sanctuary, the deacon exposes the Blessed Sacrament, after which he joins the celebrant and subdeacon, who ascend the altar-steps; then the deacon hands the ostensorium to the celebrant who intones the *Tantum Ergo*. The celebrant holds the Blessed Sacrament aloft to the kneeling people until the words *novo cedat ritui*, when the worshippers receive the blessing. The ostensorium is then placed upon the throne, the ministers descend to the floor, the litanies are sung, and prayers to the Sacred Heart are recited. When the prayers have been said, the Blessed Sacrament is again given by the deacon to the

celebrant, who intones the *Genitori*, and performs the same ceremony as before, until the words *sit et benedictio*, when the final benediction is given and the Blessed Sacrament is replaced in the tabernacle. Perhaps the sacred ceremony seems thus deprived of the dignity and solemnity which must be claimed for the Roman rite, but the pious Tyrolese are very much attached to their customs, and woe betide the hapless clergyman who dares to hint at a change.

This church must ever be dear to the members of the Society, for it has been the scene of the labors of many whose names are still held in benediction by the nations who never failed in their loyalty to the faith. Deep down in the vaults rest the bodies of the fathers of the old Society who passed to their reward while toiling in the Tyrol. There is little sunlight in the church, and the visitor naturally thinks it a fitter place for shadows than for cheery sunbeams until it is restored to those who modestly claim the heritage of their forefathers.

THE JESUITS IN BRAZIL, 1848–1865.

MEMOIRS OF FR. J. RAZZINI.

The Jesuits had been expelled from Brazil in 1760 by the iniquitous contrivances of Pombal. It was not until the year 1840 that they again set foot in that country. The first to make their reappearance were a few fathers from the province of Aragon, who landed on the coast of the province of St. Catherine, and established themselves at Desterro, the capital of the province. Here Sunday schools for children were opened, and missions given with such success, that the citizens applied to the fathers to have a college opened in their town. A college was accordingly built there, and went on flourishing until 1856, when the fathers abandoned it. They then left the province of St. Catherine and retired to the Spanish possessions where the province of Aragon had colleges and residences. Three fathers however remained in Brazil for the purpose of opening a residence in the province of Rio Grande do Sul.

In 1848, some German fathers also took up their abode among the Germans who had formed a colony called St. Leopold. Many of these people were Catholics and the fathers had been sent thither in the quality of pastors to take

charge of them. This fact caused many more Germans to emigrate to that colony and more fathers to follow them; so that in 1863 the mission was attended by seven fathers and three brothers.

In 1861, the Right Rev. Bishop Larangeiza of Porto Alegre brought along with him, on his way from Rome to his diocese, four fathers whom he had obtained from Very Rev. Fr. General. His intention was to give them charge of his seminary. Meeting, however, with opposition from its actual managers, the bishop could place but two of the fathers there and gave the other two charge of a church.

Towards the close of 1863, Very Rev. Father General sent a visitor to Brazil, with instructions to open some house or college in that vast empire already watered by the blood of so many martyrs of the old Society; and especially to open negotiations with the provincial assembly of Desterro for laying the foundations of a college in that city, in pursuance of a request made for the purpose by those honorable deputies.

The empire of Brazil is divided into eighteen provinces, each of which is governed by a president and assembly invested with full powers, with the exception of a few cases reserved to the government of Rio Janeiro. The president, in each province, is the representative of the emperor's government, and has power to veto decrees of the assembly; in which case they are returned to the assembly, and, should they there receive a two-thirds majority, they are entitled to the president's signature.

The organization of many of the provinces is the result of the work of our fathers. In their missionary labors among the savages, they were not unmindful of the worldly welfare of their converts; they gathered the Indians in reductions, taught them the useful arts, especially husbandry, and thus gave rise to flourishing communities, which in the course of time developed into well settled countries. Thus sprang up the provinces of São Paulo, Espirito Santo, Pernambuco, Ceará, Maranhão, and Paraná.

Brazil was tributary to the crown of Portugal until 1821, when it threw off the yoke, declared itself an independent state, drew up a constitution, and invested an emperor with the government of the nation. The present emperor, Pedro II., is an upright, good-hearted man, well versed in literature and philosophy, though not in the best acceptation of the word.

Freemasonry is vastly extended in Brazil, and has, in fact, strongholds in every province of the empire. The slanders and prejudices spread by the artful Pombal against the So-

ciety are still fresh in the Brazilians' minds; it was therefore to be expected that, as all enterprises for the glory of God are to meet with thwarting and difficulties, so also the new project of re-establishing the Society in Brazil was to undergo bitter opposition. As soon as it became known that a college of the Society would probably be opened in the province of St. Catherine, the press began a most bitter attack on the Society. God, however, knew how to turn this evil to our good. Alongside of the defamatory articles, able vindications were published. Rev. Fr. Visitor furnished the material, whilst an elegant scholar put it in good style. It is a custom peculiar to Brazilian journalists to publish both sides of a controversy, provided they be paid for it. The defence of the Society being published in one of the most widely circulated papers in Brazil, a wonderful change was effected in the public mind concerning the Society. People were undeceived, and prejudices dispelled, as was afterwards proved by the general goodwill shown to the fathers, and the liberal donations forwarded to them at the proper time. Rev. Fr. Visitor experienced this shortly after on his journey to the province of Rio Grande, where he was shown great deference and goodwill by the gentlemen who happened to travel with him.

The province of Rio Grande do Sul stood certainly far below the standard in religious and mental training, and its clergy were not of the best in point of morality. The ministry of the two fathers, who, as we have said, had been given charge of a parish, did not meet with any apparent success; whilst the other two who had been placed in the seminary of Porto Alegre, one as rector and the other as vice-rector, had to encounter serious obstacles in bringing about the reform which the seminary stood so much in need of. The professors of the seminary were appointed and paid by the government, the bishop having little authority over them. Many of the priests were displeased because the charge of the seminary had been given to strangers; and some of the professors were far from promoting in their pupils esteem and affection for their new directors.

On account of this unpleasant state of things, the bishop was informed that the fathers in charge of the seminary would be withdrawn by the end of the scholastic year, as their help would be required in the college which was to be opened at Desterro. Rev. Fr. Visitor therefore hastened to that city to conclude negotiations and come to an agreement with the assembly about the college. On his way thither, however, he was obliged to stop at Rio Janeiro to settle an important affair. The colony of St.

Leopold was in a state of complete disorder, and the fathers there were threatened with expulsion. The German Protestants pretended that their lives were in danger because the priests had aroused the Catholics against them. They therefore flew to arms, protesting that by so doing they meant nothing else but to withstand the attacks premeditated by the Catholics. This strange proceeding, however, was only a stratagem by means of which the Protestants had hoped to obtain from the government the removal of the fathers. The Catholics did not fail to see into the crafty manœuvring of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Accordingly, they abandoned the more isolated dwellings, and, gathering in compact bodies, they prepared for self defence; whilst a goodly number of staunch Catholics made arrangements to defend the dwelling of the fathers. They even protested, notwithstanding the remonstances of the fathers, that they would even oppose the government's action in case any attempt should be made to remove their pastors from their midst.

In this extremity, nothing seemed more efficient to Rev. Fr. Visitor than to have direct recourse to the government at Rio Janeiro. Accordingly, knowing that the prime minister was favorable to the Catholics, he sent him a memorial, requesting that, before proceeding against the fathers of the colony, an inquiry should be made into the case by persons of known integrity and impartiality. The minister, who had already been informed of the uprising and its nature, kindly granted the petition, and told Rev. Fr. Visitor to reassure the fathers of their safety, and tell the Catholics of the colony that the Protestants would soon be called to order. This plan produced the desired effect; measures were immediately taken by the government, and complete order was restored.

Rev. Fr. Visitor, having seen this affair settled, left for the province of St. Catherine. It was then the beginning of the year 1864. On his arrival there he was visited by some of the most influential deputies in the province, who were favorable to the project of a college. With these he drew up the basis of a contract, which, having been brought before the assembly, was carried, after some violent opposition. The document was signed the next day by the president, who wished to have it also signed by the Rev. Fr. Visitor, and directed that a part of the appropriation should immediately be forwarded to him for the fitting up of the college. It will be well to bear in mind this legal transaction for the better understanding of future events. The college

was as yet under the superintendence of a secular; and two months' time was given him to seek other employment.

Rev. Fr. Visitor took advantage of this time to pay a visit to the colony of St. Leopold. The fathers there had three residences with parochial churches as central points from which they were carrying on their ministry. As many Catholic families were a great distance from the church, the fathers made frequent excursions among them, to instruct them and hear their confessions, to bless matrimonial alliances, and perform baptisms. It was a very consoling and edifying sight to see with how great zeal and interest they spent themselves in maintaining the faith and piety of those Catholics, and in bringing about the conversion of Protestants. They cheerfully undertook hard labor and dangerous journeys to bring the last consolations to the dying, and on Saturdays and holy-days they spent long hours in the confessional, frequently not finishing before noon, and then they began Mass, which was very frequently a High Mass.

These good Germans loved the fathers, and repaid their labors by leading truly Christian lives. They regularly came a distance of seven miles or more to attend the services on Sundays and holy-days. It was really edifying to see with how much recollection and devotion they assisted at all the services, and to hear them singing at High Mass and Benediction. There were numerous Communions every Sunday, and it was not a rare occurrence to see all present approach the holy table.

At about this time the bishop of Porto Alegre came to the colony on a pastoral visit. Upon his arrival at Sâo Miguel, one of the missions, the whole Catholic colony turned out to welcome him, and to beg his blessing on their knees, although the soil was wet and muddy on account of recently fallen rain. His Grace stopped over three days at Sâo Miguel, receiving and blessing the colonists, who were coming in crowds to show him homage and devotion, and to bring the fathers the best things they had for the good treatment of the bishop. On the day appointed for receiving new candidates for the sacrament of confirmation, the church was crowded with these good people, and they gave such evident proofs of solid piety, that the bishop, in public discourses and private conversations with the fathers, could not help speaking of his high admiration of the work accomplished in the colony, and could not help saying that the days spent there had been the happiest days of his life.

The time had now come to take possession of the college at Desterro. Rev. Fr. Visitor, therefore, proceeded to that city, and called on the president to receive the formal investiture,

but to his great surprise he found that the president had changed, and showed himself rather indifferent; he promised, however, that on the appointed day the college would be given up, if nothing should come in the way. It was the president's evident duty to carry out the agreement already signed, but he intimated that he would not proceed further in the affair without having it referred to the government of Rio Janeiro. He had come to this determination on account of two clauses in the agreement, by which (1) full liberty was granted as to the choice of professors, text-books, and the administration of the college; and (2) an annual appropriation was made for the college from the rents and taxes which were most sure to come to the provincial treasury. The president now claimed the privilege of testing the professors' abilities by a previous examination, of inspecting the books, schools, and studies, and of modifying in fact the entire plan of the agreement. It was of no avail to remind him that the deed had already been signed by his own hand, and that the provincial assembly had full powers, independently of Rio Janeiro, in regard to education. Rev. Father Visitor therefore declared to him his intention of laying the case himself before the government of Rio Janeiro. The president tried to dissuade him from this with vague words and promises, but Rev. Fr. Visitor was not to be deterred from what he deemed necessary to insure the validity of the contract, and he requested a free pass on the next steamer bound for Rio Janeiro, to which he had been entitled by the provincial assembly.

A few days after Rev. Fr. Visitor's arrival in Rio Janeiro, the contract, such as it had been concluded in St. Catherine, appeared in an official paper. It was sent from St. Catherine with a protest from the actual professors of the college. The article concluded with the following remark: "The government will see that the contract be carried out." It is however of no rare occurrence in Brazil to see the president of a province acting arbitrarily and in disregard of law; and such was now the case. Rev. Fr. Visitor found a good supporter of his project in Monsignor Sanguigni, Internuncio to Brazil, who was a nephew of Cardinal Antonelli. He advised that the integrity of the contract should be upheld, and kindly offered to countenance the action. It was therefore concluded to employ every means to interest the senator and representatives of St. Catherine in the matter, and to induce them to maintain before the parliament the rights of their provincial assembly. Rev. Fr. Visitor accordingly interviewed the senator and the representatives, who kindly listened to him, and all promised their support. The pres-

ident of the ministry was also interviewed on the subject, and he openly asserted that there was no need of bringing the affair before parliament, but that it was simply the duty of the president of St. Catherine to carry out the contract in its minutest details. It belonged, however, to the chancellor of the empire to see that the president of St. Catherine should do his duty. The chancellor declared that equal rights and liberties should be enjoyed by all, the Jesuits not excluded, that he saw nothing against the validity of the contract, and that all differences would soon come to an end.

These expressions of goodwill, however, were only simulated, for he presently declared that he found the proposed modifications in the contract quite reasonable. Here again Rev. Fr. Visitor remarked that the agreement would be substantially invalidated by such modifications, in which case he preferred to renounce all pretentions to it, and to open negotiations with the assembly of St. Catherine upon another basis. The two deputies from St. Catherine, who were also present at the interview, concurred in the father's views, and declared that the proposed modifications were a direct attack on the liberties of the assembly, that the new president of St. Catherine had become insupportable by trampling under foot the religious feelings of the citizens of Desterro, that the professors in their educational institutions were incompetent, that the college was never on a good footing except under the fathers' direction, and that it was intolerable that now, when they themselves offered their services to the country, opposition should be thrown in their way by those who should most favor their projects. The chancellor, intimidated by this protest, promised to transmit the contract to Rev. Fr. Visitor, formulated to the full satisfaction of the latter, within two days. But he did not keep his promise.

Meanwhile, bundles of letters and memorials were coming from St. Catherine to the senator and representatives, in favor of the college, and against the president; the lay professors of the college also sent a protest against the contract. This latter gave an opportunity to one of the representatives of Rio Janeiro to make in parliament the following declaration: "He was positively informed that the Jesuits were coming into the country with the intention of establishing colleges in the provinces; and that not only they were not to be seconded in their project, but that they were excluded by law from having a footing in the land." The parliament refused to hear him further, but referred his pro-

posal to the commission on internal affairs. This occurrence proved of no immediate consequence to the Society in Brazil, but it was thought necessary for future security to ask whether the proscription of the Society in Brazil, enacted by Pombal, might be revived or not. The ministers did not agree as to the answer, and Rev. Fr. Visitor concluded that the emperor was the only competent judge in the case. He therefore begged the senator and representatives of St. Catherine to present to the emperor a memorial. It was composed by an able lawyer, and in it the emperor was requested, in the name of the leading men of the province of St. Catherine, to enjoin the carrying out of the contract. It was also ably shown that since the time that Brazil had been given a new constitution, all the laws enacted by a minister of Portugal had been abrogated. The new constitution also openly declared that no foreigner was to be excluded from Brazil unless convicted of crime; and as the fact of being a Jesuit was not a crime, the Society was entitled by law to settle in Brazil.

The memorial was sent to Desterro to be signed by the principal families there. The emperor, who had been informed of the transaction by some favorable ministers, manifested a desire to see the memorial, and Rev. Fr. Visitor was admitted into His Majesty's presence. The reception was most friendly, and the emperor complimented Rev. Fr. Visitor by saying that he wished all his subjects were as good as the Jesuits were. He then expressed his prejudices against them in the following way: "I know full well that the Jesuits form a powerful society, everywhere striving for authority, expert in the confessional, eager to spread and to meddle in state affairs. Governments never watch them enough, but I will know how to keep an eye on them." Rev. Fr. Visitor thought the time had now come to find out His Majesty's intention about the permanence of the Jesuits in the empire; he therefore begged to remark that he was perfectly satisfied that the Society should be watched, but as the Jesuits had powerful enemies in Brazil on account of old prejudices, he foresaw that they would not escape calumnies, which, on account of His Majesty's preoccupation, would readily be listened to; and thus the condition of the Society in Brazil would be most precarious. Rev. Fr. Visitor also gave His Majesty to understand that he came here empowered by Rev. Fr. General to remove to the Spanish dominions the fathers who were working in Rio Grande, in case he should not be allowed to found colleges in Brazil, in which case he himself was to return to Europe by the next steamer. "Not at all," said the emperor, "the Jesuits

may remain in Brazil and establish colleges in Brazil, and the supervision will be made by persons favorable to you and to your cause."

Proceeding to discuss the contract, the emperor found certain concessions too large; "but then," he said, "a contract, when made, must be carried out." It was now easy for Rev. Fr. Visitor to convince him that by revoking the clauses in question the contract itself would be annulled. He remarked to His Majesty that the privileges included in the contract were all-important to the existence of the college, that they had been discussed and approved by the provincial assembly, and that to disregard or declare them illegal would be a slight on that honorable body. The emperor then gave his word that no substantial change would be made in the contract. Rev. Fr. Visitor had obtained his purpose. Before leaving, however, he besought His Majesty, that, since he had been so long delayed in the settlement of this affair, he might see it now speedily concluded. His Majesty promised to have it done within the space of eight days.

The audience lasted three quarters of an hour, to the great astonishment and impatience of the chamberlains, who had been waiting the while to introduce persons of high rank into the imperial presence. The emperor kept his word. After five days he sent the memorial to the president of the ministry, and enjoined also on his chancellor not to exact more than had been agreed upon, and to surrender the college. The opposition, however, was not yet at an end; for whilst Rev. Fr. Visitor was waiting for the chancellor to give him the papers, the ministry resigned, and the chancellor, being thrown out of office with the rest, was no longer competent to conclude the affair. Fortunately, however, a new ministry was formed and entered into office within two days, and the new chancellor happened to be on excellent terms with the internuncio. This kind prelate succeeded in interesting the chancellor in favor of the college, and in making him promise that, as soon as parliament would close, he would attend to this affair, and do all he could to gratify him.

The parliament closed after a short session; but a violent insurrection broke out in Rio Janeiro and the neighboring provinces on account of the bankruptcy of the principal banker of the capital. There was scarcely any one who had not deposited money in that bank. A general distrust of banking institutions began to prevail, a run was made on the other banks, and the depositors withdrew all their money. Troops were stationed in different parts of the city

to check disorder while the ministers were holding a council to determine on the best way of readjusting matters. Owing to this fact, Rev. Fr. Visitor could not interview the chancellor until nineteen days after his election. Furnished with letters of recommendation from the internuncio and from an old professor of the chancellor, Rev. Fr. Visitor was most kindly received and reassured that His Majesty's directions would be faithfully carried out; and the president of St. Catherine was notified by telegraph that on the arrival of Rev. Fr. Visitor in Desterro, he should be put into immediate possession of the college. The affair being finally concluded, Rev. Fr. Visitor spent a few more days in Rio Janeiro to provide whatever was necessary for the college.

Before leaving Rio Janeiro, however, particular mention should be made of the kindness and important services rendered to the Society by Mr. J. Andrew and family. He showed the kindest hospitality and attentions to Rev. Fr. Visitor during his long stay in Rio Janeiro, as he had always done to any of Ours who came to that city. Only a few days remained before the steamer would leave for Desterro, and as many provisions were yet to be made for the college, this kind gentleman wished to undertake the task. He called for a note of everything that was needed; he shipped over to Desterro whatever was most needed the very next day, and promised to forward the rest in due time. What is most worthy of mention is, that he acquitted himself of his trust with great skill and celerity, and in the very same warehouses where Rev. Fr. Visitor had been only a few weeks before, he bought goods for half the price which had been asked from Rev. Fr. Visitor.

On Rev. Fr. Visitor's arrival in Desterro he was welcomed by every one favorable to the Society. Even the president complimented him on his success, and after a few days handed over to him the keys of the college. As the building was not high enough to accommodate the boys already received, another story was added, and it was not until the 3rd of February that the college was opened. This impressive ceremony was honored by the presence of the president of the province, the assembly, all the captains, delegates, and other authorities, the clergy, and the principal citizens.

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGETOWN'S CENTENNIAL.

As the WOODSTOCK LETTERS are supposed to contain "a record of current events and historical notes connected with the colleges and missions of the Society in America," in these pages, if anywhere, should be found a detailed account of the great celebration that has recently attracted so much attention—the hundredth anniversary of what may be called the mother house of the old Maryland Province and what is in reality the oldest Catholic college in the United States.

Much might be said about this great celebration that would be of interest to old students and professors of Georgetown, but the *College Journal* will, no doubt, satisfy this class of friends of the college. The present chronicle will be confined to such facts as may be expected to especially interest Ours, not only in America but wherever these LETTERS will be read, not only the reader of to-day but the annalist of the future. This statement will explain why some parts of the celebration will here be dwelt upon more at length, while others will be touched upon more briefly.

That the reader may enter into the spirit of the celebration, a brief description of the centennial decorations is necessary. The buildings of the law and medical departments in Washington were decked with bunting in honor of the occasion, but the scene of the celebration was at Georgetown, where all the college buildings, old and new, presented a rare display of flags, banners, and inscriptions. At the entrance to the college grounds a triumphal arch was erected, bearing the inscription :

QVOD · BONVM · FAVSTVM · QVE · SIT
TIBI · ET · VNIVERSIS · TVIS · DVLCISSIMA · PARENS
DOCTORES · TE · CONSENTIENTES · CVM · DISCIPVLIS
CONSALVTANT
MATREM · ACADEMIARVM · FECVNDAM

Passing under the arch, the visitor gets a full view of the beautiful building, the main entrance of which had just been completed in time for the celebration. The scene from the gate was one worth remembering, but grander than the writer dares attempt to depict. From the flag-staff in the

centre of the building floated the national emblem, and a pleasing variety of banners and streamers, of the brightest colors judiciously combined, gave a holiday appearance to the handsome building without concealing its natural beauty. Over the main entrance appeared the inscription:

SALVETE · BONI · AVSPICES · FELICIS · AEVI

and two banners, elaborately wrought, were suspended one at either side. The inscription on the banner to the right recalled the labors of our first fathers in America, and silently admonished the reader to look around him on the harvest which their followers have already reaped. The legend was simply this:

CALVERTON—1640

NEWTOWN—1677

BOHEMIA—1740

GEORGETOWN—1789

The banner on the opposite side of the entrance was similar in style and presented a Russian quatrain from Michlaoff, symbolic of the preservation of the Society in Russia. Passing to the rear of the new building, the visitor found himself in the college quadrangle. Here again, flags, banners, streamers, and inscriptions were seen on every side. Naturally one turned towards the venerable old building of 1789; its front of imported brick was decked with bunting and garlands of laurel. Over the entrance appeared the inscription:

AEDES · QVAS · HEIC · SPECTAS
VETVSTATE · DILABENTES
IOANNES · CARROLL · E · SOC · IESV
LAPIDE · AVSPICALI · IACTO · INCHOAVIT
AN · M · DCC · LXXXVIIII

The old north building directly opposite told its story in the words:

DE · MAIORIBVS · SIBI · GRATVLANS
IN · MINORES · SPEM · HABENS
AD · OPTATAM · PROPERAT · METAM

while still another inscription, over the rear porch of the new building, thus expressed the cordial salutation of Georgetown's numerous sons:

EVGE · VENERABILIS · MATER · SAPIENTVM · NVTRIX
TV · SOLA · INTER · OMNES
VIXISTI · PATRIAE · ANNOS

VIVAS · VALEAS · VINCAS

One word more about the interior decorations. Entering the main building and strolling along the beautifully tiled and arched corridors, the visitor was met by banners and inscriptions, in Latin, Greek, German, Sanscrit, and Arabic. One of these, an Arabic inscription in Kufic characters, told the visitor "To God belongs dominion over the past and present." Another, in Sanscrit, announced "Hail to Your Lordships!" In Gaston Memorial Hall, where the principal exercises took place during the celebration, the decorations showed the same combination of patriotism with intellectual and spiritual culture. The papal coat of arms occupied a prominent position in the centre of the background of the stage. At night, this hall, as well as the front of the new building and the college quadrangle, was lighted by electricity.

Such then was the picture presented by Georgetown College on her hundredth birthday; but the reader must call on his own imagination to form an idea of the life that was added to the picture by the thousands of visitors—from the President of the United States and the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and the graduate of fifty or more years ago, down to the college cadets in their bright uniforms and the ubiquitous small boy of to-day—all full of the spirit of the occasion, glad as Americans, as Catholics, as friends of Georgetown, because of the glorious jubilee of the mother of American Catholic colleges.

The general programme of the celebration was the same as announced in the *Varia* in earlier numbers of the LETTERS. On the eve of the first day, Tuesday, Feb. 19, a pleasant little prelude to the celebration was the reception tendered to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the college cadets, in dress uniform, headed by a detachment of the Marine Band, marched down to Washington Circle in Washington. Here they met the cardinal, and escorted him to the college, where he was received by the faculty and students in Gaston Memorial Hall. Some of the students delivered speeches and read poems, all expressive of the loyalty of Georgetown's sons to the primate of North America. Referring to "The Blue and the Gray," the title of a poem read by one of the students, the cardinal said: "There is pregnant

thought in that sentiment. The men who a few years ago fought against each other, now legislate together in the halls of congress and throughout the land. There is no parallel in ancient history . . . . Plato said he had two things to be thankful for—he lived in enlightened Greece and had Socrates for a teacher. You have much more to be thankful for. Born in this country, your lives are cast in pleasant places and you have the advantage of more enlightened teachers than Socrates—the Jesuits, who are acknowledged the foremost teachers."

Wednesday morning dawned bright and glorious on the towers of Georgetown; bright, likewise, expectant, and even anxious were the faces of all about the college. The celebration was to open with Solemn Pontifical Mass, and the corridor in which the procession was to form presented a rare assemblage of bishops, monsignori, priests, members of the different faculties, members of the alumni association, students, and altar boys. Fr. Wm. H. Carroll of Philadelphia, who had labored for a month before the celebration in making preparations, acted as master of ceremonies on this and on the following days. Under his skilful direction the procession was soon formed, and at 10 o'clock began to move through the long class-room corridor and down the massive oaken stairway leading to the main vestibule. Never before had the people of Washington and Georgetown witnessed so numerous an assemblage of clerics as moved towards old Trinity Church on that first day of the celebration. A striking contrast it must have been to the little gathering which met in the narrow hall of the old college building one hundred years ago.

The order of the procession was as follows:

Section 1, Marine band; military escort, college cadets, Company A; censer-bearers; cross-bearer with acolytes; sanctuary boys; students in school of arts, students in law, students in medicine; the alumni; the Xaverian Brothers; the Brothers of the Christian Schools; the members of the Carroll family; the reverend clergy in cassock and surplice; the presidents and representatives of other colleges.

Section 2, the faculty of law, the faculty of medicine, the faculty of arts; the acolytes of the missal and torches; the reverend clergy, in chasubles; the very reverend dignitaries, in copes; the right reverend bishops, attended by their chaplains and their train bearers; the subdeacon of the Mass, the deacon of the Mass, the assistant priest; military guard of honor, college cadets, Company B; the archiepiscopal cross-bearer; the deacons of honor; His Eminence the Cardinal; mitre and crosier-bearers.

When the procession reached old Trinity Church, the galleries were already filled, but the body of the church was reserved. The sidewalks were lined with spectators, the men reverently lifting their hats as the dignitaries passed. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons; assistant priest, Very Rev. A. Magnien, S. S., D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; deacons of honor, Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., Vice-rector of the new Catholic university at Washington, and Rev. Edward P. Allen, D. D., Rector of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.; deacons of the Mass, Rev. Chas. Lang, C. P., Rector of St. Joseph's Passionist Retreat, Baltimore, Md.; subdeacon of the Mass, Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D. The following archbishops and bishops were present during the celebration, though not all in time for these opening exercises: Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, of Wilmington, Del.; Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rt. Rev. D. M. Bradley, of Manchester, N. H.; Rt. Rev. John J. Kain, of Wheeling, W. V.; Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen, of Erie, Pa.; Rt. Rev. T. A. Chatard, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rt. Rev. Laurence McMahon, of Hartford, Conn.; Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, of Cleveland, O.; Rt. Rev. John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, of Alleghany, Pa.; Rt. Rev. John Sweeny, of St. John's, N. B.; Rt. Rev. J. J. Conroy, of Curium; Rt. Rev. John Rogers, of Chatham, N. B.; and Rt. Rev. Wm. O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa. The following monsignori were also present: Mgr. T. S. Preston of New York; Mgr. J. De Concilio of Jersey City; Mgr. Jas. A. Corcoran of Overbrook, Pa.; and Mgr. Hippolyte De Regge of Rochester.

The celebration of the Mass was not different from the usual Pontifical Mass except in the number of priests and the fact that it was celebrated with military honors. At the consecration, the officers of the college cadets were ranged inside the sanctuary and surrounding the celebrant. At the tolling of the bell these officers drew their swords and gave the military salute. At the same instant the cadets all down the centre aisle presented arms. The picture as seen from the gallery at the rear of the church was beautiful and impressive. The rich purple, red, and gold robes of the church dignitaries within the sanctuary, with the grey uniform of the cadets surrounding them and stretching down the centre aisle, and the white surplices of the 200 clergy on either side of them, gave plenty of color, and the in-

stant's flash of bright steel, while startling in such company, did not seem out of place. While this brilliant scene was being enacted within the church, a salute was fired without by two field pieces.

The Mass sung was Gounod's "St. Cecilia," and it was rendered with superior effect by over 30 professional voices with full orchestral accompaniment. The centennial sermon was preached by Fr. James A. Doonan. When the reader is reminded that Fr. Doonan was not only a student of old Georgetown but also for many years connected with the college as professor, and from 1882 to 1888 as rector, no description of his eloquent sermon will be needed here; suffice it to state that the sermon presented a parallel between the great prophet and lawgiver looking from the summit of Mt. Nebo into the promised land, and the venerable John Carroll, the founder of Georgetown College, who foresaw in part the wonderful growth of his country and the influence that would be exerted by the seat of learning which he established. The sermon closed with the hope that the spirit of Georgetown's founder might "dwell ever in the work which his noble mind conceived and his abiding faith made possible," and that the followers of John Carroll should "strive that no act of theirs bedim their inherited glory."

After the Mass, the clergy and the different faculties of the university returned in procession to the college, where they were greeted, as they passed the triumphal arch at the college gate, by the booming of cannon and a jubilee chime from the bells in the tower.

The next exercise in the centennial programme was the conferring of theological degrees in Gaston Memorial Hall at 8 o'clock in the evening. Long before the appointed time the hall and galleries were crowded, and an excellent orchestra in the rear gallery awaited the signal for the exercises to begin. At 8.15 the procession filed in upon the stage, headed by a company of cadets, and composed of His Eminence the Cardinal, archbishops, bishops, and priests, among them the candidates for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. A Latin address was first read by the chancellor, Fr. E. H. Welch. Mgr. T. S. Preston, Vicar-general of the archdiocese of New York, then read the profession of faith for himself and the other candidates. Then followed the conferring of degrees and investiture with the doctor's cap and ring on the following candidates:—Rt. Rev. Mgr. T. S. Preston, V. G., New York; Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. de Concilio, Jersey City; Rev. Chas. F. Kelly (in course), Towanda, Pa.; Rev. Edward P. Allen, Emmittsburg, Md.; Rev. Thomas D.

Beaven, Holyoke, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Stang, Providence, R. I.; Very Rev. Jas. S. M. Lynch, V. G., Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Peter J. Prendergast, Rondout, N. Y.; Rev. John W. McMahon, Charlestown, Mass.; Rev. Chas. M. O'Keefe, LL. D., New York; Very Rev. James J. Dougherty, New York; Very Rev. Stephen Wall, V. G., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Francis M. L. Dumont, S. S.; Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Overbrook, Pa.; and Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass. The orchestra then played the "Centennial March," which had been composed for the occasion; after which Mgr. Preston arose, and speaking for all who had just received their degrees, expressed earnest and heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred. He said that now that he and his companions were entitled to have their names enrolled among the alumni of Georgetown College, they too would go forth resolved to honor the fair name that had passed through so many storms without receiving spot or wrinkle. He said that he loved the fathers of the Society of Jesus because he had read their writings and had made them his masters and instructors before he entered the Catholic Church. His speech was full of feeling and eloquence, and was frequently interrupted by the hearty applause of an audience fully in sympathy with his theme.

Before the close of the exercises, Fr. Richards, the Rector of the college, made a few remarks expressive of the gratification he felt in being able to announce that a Washington gentleman, E. Francis Riggs, had given $10,000 as a birthday gift to the college, to help towards the completion of the new library. The cardinal and clergy were then escorted to the Coleman Museum, where a throne and dais had been prepared for His Eminence, and where all who were present were given an opportunity of kissing the cardinal's ring.

As the large crowd surged from the grand entrance of the college, they found the grounds ablaze with Chinese lanterns and colored fire, and the front of the new building brilliantly illuminated, while two field pieces were telling the city of Washington and the hills of Virginia that the little academy founded by John Carroll in 1789, before the establishment of the seat of government at Washington, was now a hundred years old, and that her children were proud of her record.

Thursday, the second day of the celebration, called "Alumni Day," brought thousands of old students and friends to the college. Shortly after 10 A. M., the bishops, faculty and distinguished guests assembled in the already crowded Gaston Memorial Hall, to hear the centennial poem

and oration. Occupying a prominent position in the front row of seats on the stage, were the members of the Corean legation, their gaudy Eastern costume contrasting strongly with the sombre black of the clergy. The members of the alumni association occupied 400 seats in the front of the hall.

Before the regular exercises began, the following cablegram from the pope was read: "Roma, 21ª Feb. — To Richards, Præses, Georgetown.—Leo XIII. gratulans beneprecatur rectori, professoribus, alumnis." Other messages were also read from the university of Christiania, Sweden; from Harvard University, appointing Prof. Dwight and Hon. P. A. Collins as its representatives; from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and Notre Dame College, Canada; from Michigan University, nominating Senator Palmer and Representative Cutcheon as its representatives; from St. John's College, Fordham, and St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.; from Columbian University, Washington, D. C.; from Rutger's, Hobart, Trinity and Vassar; from Mercer University, Macon, Ga., New York College, N. Y., and St. Mary's, Montreal; from Lehigh University, Pa., transmitting a set of resolutions passed by its faculty; and from the University of Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Condé B. Pallen of St. Louis, a distinguished alumnus of Georgetown, was then introduced, and read the centennial poem. Mr. Martin F. Morris of Washington, a staunch friend of the college and a professor in the law school, followed with the centennial oration. Much might be said in praise of these productions, both overflowing with genuine love for the college, but the present sketch has to deal with other phases of the celebration. There were no other exercises at the college on this day, but the alumni banquet took place in the evening at Willard's Hotel in Washington. Besides the members of the association, there were present several bishops, among them Abp. Corrigan of New York and Abp. Ryan of Philadelphia.

Friday, Feb. 22, was the closing day of the celebration, and although the weather was not as favorable as on the two preceding days, the crowd of visitors during the day, and especially in the evening, even surpassed the previous gatherings. The morning was set apart for class and college-society reunions, but the grand academic session in the afternoon was the crowning event of the celebration.

At about 3 P. M. the firing of the presidential salute of twenty-one guns by the field pieces on the college campus announced the arrival of President Cleveland. A detachment of the college cadets had met the president's carriage

and escorted it up to the college. There the president was met by Fr. Gillespie, Vice-president of the college, and conducted to Fr. Richard's room, where he was met by the archbishops and bishops and immediately escorted to the hall. A bugle call announced to the crowd assembled in Gaston Memorial Hall that the procession was starting towards the stage. First came the president, arm in arm with the cardinal; next came the secretary of state, Rev. Fr. Provincial, the president of the college, the chief justice and four associates; and after these a double file of archbishops, bishops, priests, members of the diplomatic corps, members of the different faculties, and other invited guests. Arrived on the stage, the president and the cardinal took seats in the centre, and before the end of the long procession had arrived the great stage was as densely packed as the rest of the hall.

Before the appointed exercises were allowed to proceed, the vast assembly was informed of the arrival of other telegrams of congratulation besides those read on the preceding day. Among these was a cablegram from Rome which read as follows:—"To President Richards, Georgetown College. Congratulations and best wishes. (Signed) Keane." The sender was Bishop Keane, Rector of the new Catholic university.[1]

A Latin address by the chancellor, Fr. Welch, followed the reading of these messages. The degree of Doctor of Laws was then conferred on the Honorable Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State; Hon. Honoré Mercier, Prime Minister of Quebec; Hon. Augustus H. Garland, Attorney General of the United States; Hon. Felix Cipriano C. Zegarra, Embassador Extraordinary of Peru, and Hon. Emilio de Muruaga, Minister of Spain, both graduates of the college; Hon. John Lee Carroll, Ex-Governor of Maryland; Hon. Nathan Goff; Gen. W. S. Rosecrans; Hon. Zachariah Montgomery; John Gilmary Shea; and others of less prominence. The other degrees conferred were Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Music, and Master of Arts. Next followed three addresses by representatives of the three schools of the university, and the presentation of three gold medals. The first was presented to John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., the

[1] Besides the colleges already mentioned, communications were received either during or after the celebration, from the following: universities of Vienna, Würzburg, Brussels, Prague, Bologna, Salamanca, Halle-Wittenberg, Leyden, Gronigen, Utrecht, Czernowitz, Innsbruck, Bern, Göttingen, McGill, Dartmouth, Cambridge, Indiana, California, and Syracuse; also from Creighton College, Canisius', Mt. St. Mary's, St. Benedict's, St. Boniface's, St. Thomas' of Villanova, College of Charleston, and from the alumni association of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. Representatives of all the colleges of the Maryland New York Province were present, and several from other provinces.

historian of the Catholic Church in America, for his work entitled "The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll;" the second was presented by the alumni association to His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, for the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore; and the third, like the preceding, to the President, Grover Cleveland, for the Government of the United States.

As soon as the storm of applause following the presentation of a gold medal to President Cleveland had subsided, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons arose and paid a glowing tribute to Archbishop Carroll the founder of Georgetown College and of the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore. After touching upon the character of the illustrious prelate and the difficulties that he met and surmounted, the cardinal thus continued:—

"One hundred years ago, a short time before his episcopal consecration, Georgetown College was founded by the Rev. John Carroll. Like all great and beneficent undertakings the work met with serious resistance at the outset. Father Carroll was confronted by poverty, by indifference, and even by the active opposition of his own brethren. Rev. Leonard Neale, afterwards Archbishop Carroll's successor in the see of Baltimore, opposed the enterprise on the plea of insufficient means. To all these timid counsels John Carroll replied in language worthy of a man of faith: 'I will consecrate my time, my energies, and my talents to the prosecution of this work, in the cause of Christian education, and, with the blessing of God, it shall succeed.' And, gentlemen, thank God it has succeeded far beyond the most sanguine hopes of its illustrious founder. The graduates who have gone forth from these halls during the last one hundred years, and who have enlightened by their learning and ennobled by their virtues the various walks of life, they attest its success. And you, gentlemen, who have come from the most remote sections of our common country and who are assembled here to-day to pay homage to your *alma mater*, you bear witness to its success. And you, honored President, and your associates, when you reflect on the history of the college, can bear testimony to the success of the college. And with a pious enthusiasm inspired by hope you can exclaim, *Prospere procede, et regna. Multæ filiæ congregaverunt divitias; tu supergressa es universas.* Other institutions have sprung from thee, many daughters are born of thee, O cherished mother, but thou hast surpassed all in the wealth of thy venerable traditions and hallowed associations!

"The learned professors of Georgetown College, like their illustrious predecessors, are battling in the cause of religion and education. Alexander the Great conquered kingdom after kingdom. By the sword he conquered and by the sword he kept his subjects in bondage. But scarcely was he laid in his grave when his colossal empire was dismembered and his subjects shook off the yoke that had been forced upon them. The soldiers of the cross, assembled within these walls, are enlarging the bounds of the great republics of letters and religion. They are conquering, not by the material sword, but by the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God; not by force, but by persuasion; not by shedding the blood of others, but

by consecrating their own lives on the altar of charity ; not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from ignorance and sin. And the republic of letters and religion which they are developing is kept together, not by frowning fortifications, but by the undying influence of moral and religious ideas . . . . It has been the custom of the chief magistrates of the nation, from the days of Washington, to honor Georgetown College by their presence on public and festive occasions. I am happy to see that our present illustrious president is no exception to the rule, and that he has been pleased to lend additional lustre to these ceremonies by his distinguished presence.

"May those who in the long years to come will gather together to celebrate the next centennial be able to record a success as consoling as that which we commemorate to-day."

At the close of the cardinal's address, when it was announced that President Cleveland had consented to speak, the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and it was several minutes before quiet was restored. The speech was so short that it may easily be inserted here as delivered.

"In the moment that I shall occupy," he said, "I will not speak of the importance, in a general sense, of liberal education, or refer to the value of universities like this as the means for acquiring such education ; nor will I remind you of all the causes for congratulation which this centennial occasion affords. These things have been presented to you in all that you have seen and heard in the days just passed, and they are suggested by the atmosphere all about us. I am thinking of this college as an *alma mater*, and calling to mind the volume of love and affection which has been turned towards her from the great outside world of her alumni, during the hundred years of her life, and at this time especially awakened. To-day the young graduate whose *alma mater* occupies a broad place in his life, turns to her with warm enthusiasm. The middle-aged graduate to-day pauses in the bustle and turmoil of business activity to give a loving glance and affectionate greeting to his *alma mater*. The aged graduate to-day in memory passes over scenes and events of more recent date to recall through the mellowing light of years the incidents of college life, while he breathes a fervent prayer for his *alma mater*. If the dead graduates are not with you to-day in spirit, the loving bands which attached them to *alma mater*, though broken by death, are here, hallowing the place where they are kept and making at this honored institution a sacred shrine.

"Another thought, born, I suppose, of the solemn trust which I have held for the American people, prompts me to say a word concerning the relation which such an institution as this should bear to American citizenship. Men of learning we at all times need, but we also need good citizenship. There should not be that selfishness in education which leads its possessor to live within himself, and to hug his treasure with sordid satisfaction. The least an educated man should do is to make himself a good, true American citizen ; and he fails to do his entire duty if he does not also improve the citizenship of others. His love of country should be great, his interest in public affairs should at all times be active, and his discharge of the duties of citizenship should be guided by all the intelligence he possesses, and aided by all the learning he has acquired. Georgetown College should be

proud of the impress she has made upon the citizenship of our country. On her roll of graduates are found the names of many who have performed public duty better for her teaching, while her alumni have swollen the ranks of those who, in private stations, have done their duty intelligently and well.

"I cannot express my friendship for your college better than to wish for her in the future, as she has had in the past, an army of alumni, learned, patriotic, and useful, cherishing the good of their country as an object of loftiest effort, and deeming their contribution to good citizenship a supremely worthy use of the education they have acquired within these walls."

With the president's speech ended the session in the hall, and the cadets cleared a passage from the stage to the Coleman Museum, where the president and secretary of state received the alumni. This reception over, the president spent a few moments with distinguished guests in Fr. Richard's room and was then escorted to his carriage.

Another grand illumination of the building and grounds, booming of cannon and a display of fireworks greeted the throng as they left the college halls, an outward manifestation of the joy and thankfulness of the venerable institution for the blessings of the past, and for the appreciation, kind feelings, and goodwill expressed by so many of her sons and friends during these glorious festivities. May we not be permitted to re-echo the fervent wish expressed by the centennial orator at the close of his brilliant oration? "May she survive in all her vigor unimpaired, when the second, and the fifth, and the tenth century shall have rolled away. May a thousand and ten thousand generations rise to bless her name!"

Before closing this chronicle it may be well to add, for the sake especially of those whose lines are cast where the Church and the Society are despised and persecuted, a word about the recognition of this great event by the secular press. The Catholic papers of the country, of course, had much to say in praise of the college, of her record in the past and the success of this celebration. This, however, will surprise no one. But many of these only copied the elaborate accounts of the celebration and the sketches of the college's history from the secular press of Washington. All the Washington papers and many of the other secular papers throughout the country gave full accounts of the history of the college, and were earnest in their good wishes for her future prosperity. The Washington *Press*, to select one from many specimens, concludes a flattering editorial with the words: "Occasions of this character are beneficial to us all individually and to the country. They are inspiring because they present a vivid picture of a glorious past

and teem with omens of a more glorious future. All hail, Georgetown University! May the light which is before her be one that will brighten and continue to brighten in the sphere of education, the greatest boon to mankind." But these favorable comments were not confined to the secular press of Washington. The New York *Herald*, the best known and most widely circulated paper perhaps in the world, printed the following tribute: "This centennial celebration has been something more than the anniversary of a modest institution of learning, something more than a spectacular function by a religious denomination, the most ceremonious and ornate in the Christian world. It has brought the Jesuit Order conspicuously to public notice, and, as one might say, to public judgment, in respect to its relations to the history, the intellectual and moral interests, and the political system of the American republic; and it is both true and just to say that the scrutiny has been well endured. Despite the friction and turmoil with which the name of the Society of Jesus has for centuries been associated in the politics and the religious polity of the old world, and in some of the Spanish-American countries, its history among us has been one unbroken era of peace and inoffensiveness. The political activeness of its members has been exerted only in their character of individuals and citizens of the republic, and upon those great patriotic occasions when to have refrained would have been to-day a cause of reproach and distrust. In their educational work, the Jesuits have undividedly followed a system which anticipates all the arguments made against the current prevalence of looseness in the elective system of courses, of an excessive crowding of the mind and memory of pupils with facts and assumed facts, and of an exclusive and sedulous cultivation of a godless intellect. In their attitude toward the political institutions of the country, they have asked and striven only for equality of toleration in religious principles and practice. Looking back over this Georgetown centennial, the mind rests at intervals upon certain features of the celebration. The scholarly and artistic character of the decorations of the building is rare in this country. The open-air procession to divine service, in its spectacular effects and high color, was a revelation to many upon the subject of the externals of religion, and the same might be said of the elaborate music and the chancel service at the Mass and of the unique feature here of a military salute by presentation of arms at the elevation of the Host."

As a souvenir of the centennial celebration, a large medal

was struck by the alumni association. The face of the medal bears the college coat of arms and the inscription:

COLLEGIVM · GEORGIOPOLITANVM
MDCCLXXXVIIII · INCOHATVM

The reverse shows a double wreath of oak and laurel surrounding the inscription:

SODALES
ALVMNI
ALMAE · MATRIS
SAECVLARIA · FESTA
PRIMVM · DEDICANT
MDCCCLXXXVIIII

As this sketch goes to press we are put in possession of the two following letters, from the Holy Father and from Very Reverend Father General to the president of Georgetown College, in answer to communications addressed to them shortly before the centennial celebration.

R. P. Josepho H. Richards, Rectori Collegii Georgiopolitani, Directi a Patribus e Societate Jesu:

Reverende Pater: Ea qua præstat benignitate excepit Sanctissimus Dominus Leo XIII. obsequiosas litteras, per quas, appetentibus sæcularibus solemnibus ortus collegii cui præsides, ab Eo poscebas cum religiosis sodalibus tuis, ut benediceret Vobis alumnisque vestris ceterisque qui Ephebeum istud ope sua juvant utilemve illi operam conferunt. Voluit itaque Sanctitas Sua patefieri Tibi ministerio meo, se non modo Apostolicam Benedictionem paterna caritate impertiri Tibi, moderatoribus, magistris alumnisque istius collegii, aliisque pro quibus flagitas; sed etiam gratulari vobis ex animo quod jucundam hanc solemnitatem, testem divini favoris et vestræ sedulitatis, lætantes in Domino celebrare potueritis. Insuper fausta et felicia omnia huic collegio adprecatur, ut ad Ecclesiæ decus et salutem fidelium istius regionis majora habeat incrementa et diutissime floreat.

Ego vero meas adjiciens gratulationes et omina, sensus Tibi profiteor sinceræ existimationis, qua sum ex animo, Tui, Reverende Pater,

Addictissimus,
M. Card. Rampolla.

Romae, die 18 Martii, 1889.

Fesulis, 15 Martii, 1889.

Reverende in Christo Pater, Pax Christi: Pergratæ mihi advenerunt litteræ ornatissimæ quibus certior factus sum celebrari apud vos sollemni, ut decet, pompa et apparatu, sæcularem ab ortu istius collegii annum; eodemque fere tempore accepi aureum numisma cusum hujus rei memoriæ causa præclareque cælatum. Tibi, carissime Pater, sociisque omnibus quorum nomine scribebas, gratias quam maximas refero quod, festos dies anniversarios agentes, communis vestri gaudii participem et socium me esse voluistis. Haud equidem immemor vestri vestræque erga me benevolentiæ, vos vestraque omnia Sacrosanctam Hostiam litans, Deo Optimo Maximo enixe commendavi, atque convenire vos si minus corpore potui ac præsenti, quod summe optassem, salutationis officio, at certe animo et summo in vos studio adfui faustissimæ vestræ festivitati quæ magnam secum adfert consolationis materiam ubertatemque gratulationis.

Hanc ad vos scribendi occasionem nactus, laudes gratesque debitas omnibus referendas duco, qui communi studio atque opera utilitatem et prosperitatem istius collegii ita promoverunt ut sæcularem annum ætatis suæ ingrederetur florens vigensque litterarum, scientiæ, bonarum artium laude, et quod caput est, inter omnium bonorum plausus ac favores, sincera pietate et recta Christianæ juventutis institutione commendatum. Neque dubito quin vos, dulcem excitantes memoriam beneficiorum ingentium quæ in istud collegium Summus omnium bonorum Largitor liberalissime per integrum sæculum profudit, conatus quoque magnos et validos in Ejus obsequium rependatis atque enitamini in posterum ut ejus tutelam ac præsidium promereri valeatis. Quæ dum vobis ego ex animo precor, omnibus et singulis paternam meam benedictionem peramanter impertio, meque SS. SS. et orationibus vestris valde commendo.

Reverentiæ Vestræ Servus in Christo,

A. Mar. Anderledy, S. J.

R. P. Josepho H. Richards, S. J.

No more fitting sentiment can be found with which to close this sketch than that expressed in one of the inscriptions which graced the college walls during the celebration. It expresses Georgetown's wish and ours—

INTEGRA · PATRVM · VIRTVS
IN · NEPOTES · DESCENDAT

FATHER THEODORE THIRY.

A SKETCH.

Father Theodore Thiry was born on Dec. 14, 1823, at Metz, in Alsace, at that time a part of the French dominions. Of his early life but few details have come down to us. We know, however, that while yet quite young he was called upon to suffer, in the death of his father, a sorrow that must have been extremely keen to a heart so easily touched by grief in others. This sad loss only redoubled his love for his mother, and under her watchful care he was well instructed in the practice of the Catholic religion. At an early age he was sent to our college in Metz, St. Clement's, and there received the first intimation of God's will to spend his life among the members of the Society. Several years were passed at St. Clement's and then, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, he applied for admission into the Society to Rev. Fr. Boulanger, at that time provincial of the province of France.

On Sept. 11, 1843, he entered the novitiate of St. Acheul, a shrine so hallowed in its history by the examples of saintly members of the Society. Here engaged in the ordinary duties of the noviceship, a few months quickly passed, and before he was fairly initiated in the many mysteries of novice-life, he was surprised by a most unexpected change. It came about in this way. Shortly after his entrance into the novitiate, Rev. Fr. Boulanger had been succeeded by Rev. Fr. Rubillon, who found himself called on to establish a new novitiate. The old province of Paris had been divided, and as St. Acheul was in the new province of Champagne, a new novitiate had to be opened for the province of Paris.

In looking for a suitable location, an estate was offered which for certain reasons could be had only at the end of a year. In the 18th century it had been an Antonian convent, but in the storm of the French Revolution it had shared the fate of many of God's sanctuaries; the inmates had been driven out and the property given over to secular uses. This was Isenheim, an estate of eight acres in the north-eastern part of France. With the changes brought about by time, it had come into the possession of its present

owner, who had used it as a private residence; but the alterations it had undergone were so extensive that it had no longer the appearance of a religious house, nor were the interior arrangements suitable to one. Still it found great favor in the eyes of superiors, and believing the time ripe for founding their new novitiate they were willing to take Isenheim, if they could secure immediate possession. The present occupant was a Quaker, who with his wife and family was leading a quiet life in keeping with his creed, and who seemed determined to remain in possession till the last day of his lease had expired. By some agreement, however, he finally withdrew from the main building, and retiring with his household to one of the smaller houses on the same property, left the way clear for the coming of the novices. To found this new house Fr. Thiry and three companions were called from St. Acheul to continue their noviceship at Isenheim, first under Fr. De Lehen and later under Fr. Cotel, who held this position at Isenheim for seventeen years.

Like all beginnings, the first days of the new novitiate offered many trials of patience, and many occasions of self-denial, not to speak of real suffering. The garden had been entirely neglected for many years and the novices had more outdoor work than usually falls to their lot. The grounds had to be laid out anew, and here Fr. Thiry gave evidence of the activity that characterized him through life. Naturally of a lively disposition, active, diligent, above all charitable, he won the hearts of his fellow-novices and especially of the brothers for whom he seems to have had a special love.

We have it from an eye-witness that among other works planned and carried out at Isenheim under Fr. Thiry's direction, was the making of a pond, in which he appears to have been greatly interested. Noticing that a brook flowed through one part of the grounds without adding anything to their beauty, the novices determined to bring nature, by a little art, to help in beautifying this recovered garden of the Church. After innumerable difficulties the pond was completed, and stocked with fish; the end was apparently gained as it certainly did improve the surroundings; but now alas! the utilitarian principle appeared on the scene and busied itself in building, in the centre of the pond, an island, on which soon after arose a structure of very doubtful architecture. This turned out to be the novices' bathing house, and hither they came after nightfall to enjoy in some measure the fruits of their labors. No doubt they admired the beauty of their miniature lake very much, but probably they appreciated its usefulness still more.

When the novices arrived at Isenheim, they found at a short distance from the main building a heap of blackened ruins. On inquiry, they discovered that in this heap was all that remained of the once handsome convent church which had been burnt many years before, but whether by accident or design no one was able to ascertain. In removing the rubbish, the workmen found scattered about many human bones and some almost entire skeletons, the remains of the monks whose tombs in the vaults of the church had been disturbed by the falling walls. Precious relics of an earlier religious home, almost the only things left to tell of those who in that spot had lived and died in God's service! They were reverently collected and given a final resting place in the little cemetery of the novitiate.

Amid scenes such as these, doubly sacred by their two-fold consecration to God's service, Fr. Thiry's noviceship passed quickly, to bring the day on which the desires of his heart were to find full expression in his vows; and how well the vows that bound him to the Society were riveted that day, his long and laborious life can best bear witness. His noviceship completed, he was sent to Brugelette in Belgium, there to begin his philosophy. It was about this time that he felt the impulse of the Holy Ghost to devote his life to the service of the American missions, and like many of his fellow countrymen he completed the sacrifice of self by renouncing the next dearest ties of home and country. The United States owe much to France for the timely aid she nobly offered in the War of Independence, when victory still hung in the balance, and when it was so uncertain whether defeat or triumph would terminate the struggle; but the Catholic Church of America owes her much more for the many generous-hearted priests she sent to our shores, whose work still lives in the strength of our Catholicity, whose sufferings and disappointments cannot be realized by those now enjoying the peace and prosperity which these pioneers have bequeathed to us. Fr. Thiry was but one of the many who came among us ready for any work, provided it led souls to God.

In 1847, he left France never to see it again, and after the usual unpleasant voyage of those days arrived in New York. A few days later he went to Fordham, there to begin his theology. New York even at that recent date had not the vast proportions it glories in at present, and although now Fordham is within the city limits, it was then a village miles beyond the city's northernmost boundary. Yet this city that first received him proved later on to be the scene of his labors, where he was to spend almost uninterruptedly

the remaining forty-two years of his life. With his life in this new field of labor, where by his patience he reaped a golden harvest, we have chiefly to deal.

On May 25, 1850, he was raised to the priesthood by that sturdy champion of the faith, Archbishop John Hughes, and was sent to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, to begin his labors as a teacher. At that time St. Francis Xavier's, after many reverses, had been established on its present site, and hither he came to fill the office of subminister and to teach the Third Grammar class. In the eyes of Fr. Thiry there was no class in the college so important as this, and he entered upon his duty as teacher, determined to succeed. His experience with the young American character must have been valuable to him, as he solved what has been for many foreigners an insoluble difficulty. He set to work to understand the boys, and once that was done he had an experience which served him well in later years. That he succeeded as a teacher of the grammer classes is clear, if we may judge of his success by the after-work of those who passed their first years of Latin in his keeping; for among those whom he drilled in the rudiments of grammar we may mention His Lordship Bishop Wigger of Newark, our own Rev. Fr. Provincial, a host of other clergymen, and many professional and business men in New York and elsewhere.

He found in his class the usual variety of pupils, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, but to none did the hours seem long once he had introduced his methods of making class-work interesting. He had the Frenchman's gift of becoming enthusiastic in everything he undertook, and what is more, he infused the same spirit into others; and with the camps, sides, batallions and drawn battles in the class, he soon had the boys working with a vigor that they never thought themselves capable of possessing. Expedients of all kinds were used, and when the boys had passed from his hands and found the work of a higher class somewhat tedious, they longed to go back to the teacher who made study attractive, by methods old indeed in the history of the Society, but new to that generation of students.

Fr. Thiry was a man especially fitted by nature to deal with boys, they had a special attraction for him, and his kindly eye and ready smile at once gained their confidence and made them feel that in him they had a friend. He had the faculty of interesting himself in their sports, he encouraged them in their youthful enterprises, he watched them at work and at play, and gave them what they prized highly, his word of praise. He could talk to boys on subjects that boys delight in, he could without losing any of the dignity

due to his character come down to their level for a moment, and, by drawing them on little by little to talk of themselves, could give as fair an estimate of their character after one conversation as if he had known them intimately for weeks. This interest in their welfare made the boys in turn look upon him as their friend, and by these means he brought them so close to himself, and gave them so prominent a place in his great heart, that each of his young friends looked upon himself as the object of Fr. Thiry's special attention. For many this affection on the part of the boys would have been but a passing bond, easily broken by absence or strained by the lapse of years, but it was not so with him. Years made no difference to him, and the doctor, the lawyer, the priest, were always to him his boys of former years, while for them he was ever the same good counsellor and friend. And so it was that as the boys came to know him better they spoke of him away from college, and others became curious to see this great friend of the boys, until his name became familiar and his face well known in every part of the city.

In 1852 he established the sodality of the Queen of Angels for the students of the grammar course, and of this and other sodalities in the college he was director for many years, even long after he had ceased his work in the classroom. That same year it was found necessary to place the Sunday schools of the parish on a good footing, and reduce their work to a system. The schools consisted of the usual one preparatory to First Communion, and what is known as the Class of the Catechism of Perseverance, which was made up of a single large class of children who had passed a successful examination in the whole of the smaller catechism, and had made their First Communion. Usually numbering about 500 pupils, it assembled in the upper church every Sunday and received an instruction from one of the fathers or scholastics. The course was of four years duration, and embraced full instructions on the Apostles' Creed, the commandments of God, those of the Church, the sacraments and portions of Church history. At the end of this course the members were free to withdraw. To undertake the direction of this work was no light task, and required no little self-sacrifice; but it was a congenial work to Fr. Thiry, and, appointed to it by obedience, he gladly set about doing what he could. It was work among those he loved best, a work offering great opportunities of increasing God's glory, and with a cheerful heart he took up this new burden to set it down again permanently only after many years.

Deeply interested in his work, three or four years passed quickly by. He had now taught the three grammar classes, some of them several years, and had just completed another year in Third Grammar when he was taken away from all his work and was sent for his tertianship to Canada in 1858. The next year we find him at St. Mary's College, Montreal, filling the office of spiritual father. But no sooner had this year passed, than he was back again among his boys in New York, for whose good he worked till death. Here, in 1860, he took up his work where he had dropped it in 1858, and entered upon it with an energy born of a two years' separation from those among whom he loved to toil. He now formed a new catechism class for public-school and working boys, who had not yet made their First Communion. This class met every Wednesday evening, and Fr. Thiry catechized them, instructed them, illustrated his teaching so bountifully with stories from Bible history and made the class so interesting that few boys cared to miss it.

In 1863, having taught eleven years, Fr. Thiry severed his connection with the college as a teacher, and gave nearly all his time and attention to managing his parochial work. The parochial schools had been established, and it became necessary to put them in the hands of one whose good judgment could be relied upon to gain the object intended by the Church. Who more fitted by his work in the Sunday school and classroom than Fr. Thiry? Such work was a pleasure to him, and another weight was added to his already heavy load. The school for boys was placed in the hands of the Christian Brothers, while the one for girls was under the immediate care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Although not requiring his constant presence, the work was too important, too full of great results, not to become in his eyes a most serious duty and to engross a large share of his thoughts. He visited them most faithfully, inspected the work done, praised and rewarded the diligent, censured and threatened the idle. The natural result was, that the schools were a success, and soon took the first place among their class in the city. The men's sodality now numbered hundreds, the juvenile sodality, which he had organized in 1860, and over which he had continued to preside, was growing too numerous to be handled well; it was composed of young men and boys, and in 1867, he divided it into two sodalities, forming a boy's sodality of all those under eighteen years of age, and a young men's, of all over that age and unmarried. There were now three sodalities over which he continued to preside, each having its Saturday for confession, its Sunday for Communion in a body, and

its monthly meeting on the same Sunday evening, together with the other services common to all sodalities. On every Sunday, too, he had a Mass for the girls at 8 o'clock and another for the boys at 9, after each of which he gave an instruction. Friday afternoons were given up to hearing the confessions of those preparing for First Communion.

While busily engaged with these duties, a far greater work was placed before him. About the year 1863, the reports of the work of the Society in the empire of China, the terrible tales of the cruelty of Chinese parents towards their children, the discovery of this vast harvest of souls, and the almost incredible success of the reapers caused quite a commotion in the Catholic world. Success seemed certain, the willingness of rulers to allow the missionaries to begin their work, the readiness of the people to embrace the faith, the confidence with which parents entrusted their children to the care of the priests, all promised great results if the means were furnished to keep up the good work so well begun. Money was sadly needed, and the prayers of the missionaries and their pagan converts reached Europe. Appeals were sent to America, and the appeals fell on willing ears. Thousands of dollars were collected, and finally the Association of the Holy Childhood was founded in America, with its head centre in New York. The position of director was assigned Fr. Thiry in 1866. Those alone know how great was the labor this work entailed, who realize the difficulty of introducing it throughout the country, the editing of the *Annals* and the *Annual Reports*, the need of exactly accounting for all money received and transmitted to Paris, and the necessarily vast correspondence with the different branches of the association in all the larger cities of the Union. This alone was enough for any one man, but for Fr. Thiry it was only an addition to what he had already. It was a great work for him to take upon himself, burdened as he was, but he took up the load, relying on him who never fails. Need it be said that success justified the judgment of those who entrusted this work to his hands? Let the many souls saved by his self-sacrifice bear testimony to his good work, and let them welcome him to the home which, through his instrumentality, was purchased for them.

Fr. Thiry was a very methodical man; in fact he had to be, to conduct so many different societies successfully, and to look after them in all their details. His order, however, was his own, and no one but himself knew the magic word that called forth order from what appeared to everybody else the greatest disorder. To one who visited his well

known office, everything appeared in the greatest confusion ; all kinds of articles, from models of Chinese apparel, and cast-off clothing given him for his poor, up through all the varying grades to sacred pictures, scapulars, and medals, seemed heaped together in hopeless disorder. Yet in the midst of all this chaos, if he were asked for any article in the room, he could put his hand on it at once, so orderly did that office present itself to his mind.

As early as 1869 it was a problem to see how he could be replaced; and one day, when the superior of the New York and Canada Mission came to the novitiate and was asked if Fr. Thiry was likely to be changed, he replied laughing, that such a removal he would not make without due deliberation, as, after it, he thought it would be unsafe to show himself on the streets. Probably the affection of the boys for Fr. Thiry is a little exaggerated here, but the words properly interpreted will show how much his young friends were attached to him.

In the midst of all these occupations, one thought was troubling him. He had found by the experience of years that, though the tie of the sodalities was strong, it could not stand every strain, and that the members, drifting to different parishes, unacquainted with the priests and having no one to cheer them on, often slowly but surely lost the good habits of monthly confession and Communion. He now sought some other means of binding them more closely to their Church. Different plans suggested themselves, and he finally decided on forming a literary society, not so distinct as to be entirely cut off from the sodalities, and yet such as would give the members more opportunities of social intercourse. But the plan did not meet with great approval on the part of those who had charge of the parish. Experience had taught them that such societies were not always successful, and not unfrequently reflected little credit on those most interested in them. From time to time similar societies had sprung up in different parishes of the city, had succeeded brilliantly for a time, then, gradually losing their literary aspect, had turned into social clubs, or dropped from sight. The same sad fate was feared for the new society, and superiors hesitated before allowing it to spring into life. Finally it was decided to give it a chance to win by success its right to a permanent place ; if at the end of a specified time the outlook was promising it was to continue; if unfavorable, it was to disband. Into this work Fr. Thiry now threw himself with all his old-time enthusiasm, and with that vigor which accompanied all his work when there was question of the good of souls; and

gathering about him a little band of supporters as enthusiastic as himself he laid the foundations of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in February, 1871.

Its beginning was a hard struggle for existence; difficulties were numerous, encouragements few. It was frowned upon by many who by a word might have given it substantial support, and but for the cheering words and deeds of its devoted moderator the society might have ceased to exist long before the allotted time of trial had come to a close. At the end of six months, a meeting, to which the friends of the society were invited, was held in the old school hall with such success, that it gave the society a good standing in the eyes of the fathers and parishioners. The crisis was now passed and the future promised success; from a doubtful life it passed to a state of great activity; there was no longer a lack of aspirants to membership; students and ex-students of our college, graduates of New York College, pupils of the parochial and public schools, many young men engaged in business, now sought admission and, after giving evidence of the necessary qualifications, were received. It may be added that hopes built on such good beginnings were fully realized. For many this society was the means of continuing an education cut short by force of circumstances, for others the occasion of forming strong Catholic friendships, and for all a means of keeping up the love and practice of their religion. When it is remembered that one of the necessary qualifications for admission was to be a regular and approved member of one of the sodalities, it looks as if Fr. Thiry's plan for keeping up a Catholic spirit while fostering a love for learning was a living reality.

Over this, his last, if not his greatest work for his boys, he watched to the last with a vigilant eye, and the society survives him as one of the many monuments of the great care and good judgment he exercised in his undertakings. It has so far fulfilled its promise; it has kept the young men together and in union with the Church; its ranks are supplied from the sodalities, and the devotion of its members seems to increase in proportion as years go by. The members now occupy a house within the shadow of the church, to the purchase of which they largely contributed; and on the wall of their meeting-room, in a most conspicuous position, hangs a fine crayon portrait of their regretted founder, more revered now than ever.

But the good derived from this society was not confined to the boys alone; the care bestowed by the fathers was repaid in the generous aid the society was enabled to give to several worthy enterprises. The Catholic Union, the

Holy Childhood, and the new church of St. Francis Xavier shared its liberality; and after the novitiate at West Park was established, and many difficulties were encountered, principally from want of funds, these young men hit upon a useful way of showing their appreciation of what the fathers had done for them, by sending the novices, among whom were two of their own number, a substantial present, the entire proceeds of one of their semi-annual entertainments.

As may be judged from what has already been said, Fr. Thiry believed in the boys enjoying innocent amusement and was always prepared to help along any scheme apt to give them suitable recreation. About 1872, quite a fever for exercise broke out among them which resulted in the forming of two boat clubs. Two boats, one of which was named Theodore, were purchased, and were in continual service. Fr. Thiry was interested at once, and occasionally gave the plan his approval by spending an evening with the boys on the water. Such occasions were looked forward to with no little pleasure on their part, and from the elaborate preparations which were made one might have thought that an admiral was expected. Yet it was only Fr. Thiry, but for him nothing was too good; and when he finally took his seat in the boat, not one of the boys thought it possible that any mishap could befall them while he was in their midst. No doubt Fr. Thiry had his own good reasons for encouraging this form of recreation; that it kept many from dangerous occasions of sin cannot easily be doubted.

It was often remarked that his labor seemed directed to the good of the men and boys and that his dealings with women, except with the indigent poor, were very limited; and the remark was true. Not that he ever was rude or did anything to repel them, but they seemed to feel instinctively that he was not for them, but for the especial good of boys and men. Yet withal they revered him very much, and they were quick to perceive, that while he was working for brothers and sons and husbands, and keeping them up to their obligations, he was conferring a greater benefit on the women than if he were laboring directly for them.

Hard work was a thing that Fr. Thiry never feared and often sought. He usually retired between 10 and 11 o'clock, rose for many years at 4, said Mass at 5.30, and was ready to begin a long and tedious day's work at 6.30. But even this did not satisfy him. He asked for and obtained the privilege of attending the sick-calls at night, and when asked why he did not take his needed rest, he replied that he

often found his greatest consolation in preparing the dying to meet death well. That this consolation was not confined to the work done at the sick-bed will be made clear from the following incident, which will also show much better than words how constant he was in doing God's work and increasing his glory whenever an opportunity presented itself.

One morning, at about 1.30, he was called to attend a man lying ill some distance from the church. A more unpleasant morning could hardly be imagined. A dense fog enveloped the city, sleet was falling, and the chilly air seemed to penetrate the thickest clothing. He boarded a Sixth Avenue car and found himself the solitary passenger. Seeing the driver facing the storm on the front platform, and hoping to cheer him up a little by a few kind words, he placed himself at his side and began speaking of the hard work that kept him in such an exposed position night after night. The driver proved to be an Irishman and a Catholic. Fr. Thiry now felt at home. A few more questions led the man to talk of his family, of himself, and of his religion, and before many blocks were passed the driver handed over the reins to his companion, knelt on the platform, and made his confession. A few minutes later Fr. Thiry left the car for his sick-call, leaving the driver no doubt under the impression that his passenger was an angel in disguise. Fr. Thiry was a man who had often found himself in strange positions, but we may easily believe that he was never in a stranger one than when driving a car on the Sixth Avenue line. How few suspected that at two in the morning, on the platform of a car, in the midst of a falling rain, a sacrament had been administered and a soul cleansed! It was probably the first and last time that Fr. Thiry was engaged in the service of the railroad, and it is no breach of charity to say that a better driver never found employment in the same service.

The love the men and boys had for him remained to the last, and even when they had neglected their duties and wandered from the straight path so often pointed out to them, as soon as sickness came or danger threatened, they sent for Fr. Thiry to come to help them in their hour of need. These appeals always met with a prompt response, and he often made them the occasion of doing good, not only to the dying, but also to those enjoying the blessing of health. On these occasions he often invited some one of the young men to accompany him, partly, no doubt, to have a companion, but principally for the young man's benefit. This plan was not without its good results; for many a

young man, exposed to the manifold temptations of a great city, learned at the bed-side of the dying more lasting lessons than could be taught either in sodality or pulpit.

In 1880, in the midst of all these labors, Fr. Thiry received a stroke of paralysis, soon followed by a second, and for a time his life, so precious to others, was despaired of; but his hardy old-country constitution bore the attack well, and after a few months of forced retirement and much needed rest he appeared once more in public.

While convalescent, superiors sent him to the novitiate at West Park, hoping that the change of scene, the quiet of the country, and the company of the novices would give back strength to mind and body, both weakened by his late illness. Their hopes were realized, but after a manner they neither wished nor expected. It appears he went boating one day with the novices, and after going up the river several miles, stopped on the eastern bank to rest. All left the boat, and Fr. Thiry climbing up the bank with some assistance, stood for a moment on the edge admiring the scene. Some one, noticing that the spot on which he stood was a mere ledge of earth, stepped forward to warn him of his danger, but before anything could be done to save him, the bank gave way beneath his weight and he fell, rolling to the water's edge. In his fall he struck a projecting rock, and when the novices reached him they found him senseless and bleeding from a wound in the forehead. Under copious applications of cold water he soon recovered consciousness, the blood was staunched, and in fear and trembling the novices set out for home as fast as their oars could bring them. To anybody else such a mishap would have been fatal, but to Fr. Thiry it was really a blessing in disguise. The shock he received seemed to counteract the effects of his paralytic stroke, the wound proved to be of a slight nature, and a few days later he returned to New York appearing much improved by his short but eventful sojourn among the novices.

But it was only a partial restoration to health. He never fully recovered from this long illness. Age, which seemed to have avoided him for so many years, now appeared to claim its due; and the strain of so much work, combined with his late sufferings, little by little showed loving eyes that he had not come forth from the struggle with death unscathed. Superiors, too, saw that the burden of his labors had grown too heavy for the shoulders already bending beneath the load, and they relieved him of some of his cares. The Sunday schools, the parochial schools, the boy's and the young men's sodalities, were given into the charge of other fathers; but he still retained the literary society, the

men's sodality, the St. Vincent de Paul's Society and the Holy Childhood, now grown so vast under his management. He readily relinquished his work to other hands, but even then it seemed to him that the threads of life were slipping from his grasp and that these changes were so many signs of his approaching death. Yet, like the soldier of Christ that he was, he put down all at the voice of obedience, just as readily as at the same voice he had years before taken them up.

As director of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, he showed himself ever the true friend of the poor. Those who sought aid at the parlor he saw personally, and after examining the case, if he thought the assistance well bestowed he gave it with a liberal hand. It was, according to the beatings of his heart, better to err on the side of generosity than to probably hurt the feelings of those who came seeking assistance. The hour appointed for the needy to come to the parlor was from 1.30 to 2.30 P. M., and though kept busy at work for many hours consecutively he was able to spend but few unbroken hours in recreation with the other fathers. Almost invariably he was called to meet his poor, to hear their tales of suffering and misery, but no matter how pleasant it might have been to remain with the fathers, he went at once to attend to this duty, at perhaps the most difficult hour of the day. Occasionally it was difficult to supply all the needs of the parish with the limited resources he had at his disposal; for though the parish is classed among the wealthy ones of the city it has within its limits many poor. During severe winters, when the relief fund was getting low, the treasurer of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society informed Fr. Thiry of the fact and inquired what was to be done. "Go on as usual," was the reply, "and God will send some help." And help would surely come, to the surprise and joy of the members of the conference, who found themselves enabled to continue their work. But the fact was, that their worthy director had many wealthy friends who looked upon a demand from Fr. Thiry in behalf of his poor in the light of a favor, and he as champion of the poor never hesitated to confer such favors.

Relieved of some of his more difficult duties, the last few years of his life passed quietly in the various occupations of the parish, taking any and every opportunity that offered itself to do good, until last October, when Bright's disease, from which he had been suffering for a long time, made such inroads on his health that he had to give up all work and take to his bed. There, broken by sickness, his wonderful

vitality manifested itself over and over again. Sinking from time to time so low that watchful friends thought the end was near, he rallied so often, and so well preserved through it all his lightness of heart, that after a month or two his apparent recovery was so great that hope was rekindled in the hearts of those who longed to see him once more among them. Physicians, however, declared a permanent cure impossible, as the disease was slowly but surely eating away his life.

During all this time but few friends were admitted to his bedside. An amanuensis was on hand, and generally answered the numerous letters that daily poured into the sick-room laden with good wishes and words of encouragement, and expressing the hope that he would soon take his place among his numerous friends. Through it all, Fr. Thiry remained entirely indifferent to life or to death; he was in God's hands, he said, and if his time had come he was ready to obey the call of his Master. Even under these distressing circumstances he found time to work, and while confined to his bed his last work was the report of the Holy Childhood for the year 1888. The care of his Master's work was constant even in the shadow of death, and when the Master came he found his faithful steward ready to render his account.

At length, as the night of the 12th of March drew near, a change for the worse made its appearance. Devoted hands sought to alleviate the intense suffering that seemed only to increase. That night was one of agony; and slowly the hours crept on bringing relief only at dawn; his last dawn on earth, his first, we trust, in heaven. The last lines of a life-history were being written in the great book of life, and with the coming of day the record was ended, the life-work of Fr. Thiry was done, and free from bodily suffering he passed calmly to his reward, fortified by the last rites of the Church. His body was exposed in the parlor of the residence, and thousands came to look upon the face of one who had made life's trials less intolerable and life's journey less dreary.

The funeral services were the usual simple ceremonies of our dead; the Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Provincial, and the absolution was given by His Grace, Abp. Corrigan. The office of the dead was recited by one hundred priests of the New York and neighboring dioceses, and in the presence of between 3000 and 4000 men.

At the end of the ceremonies, the crowd thronged the aisles to look for the last time on the face so dear to them.

Then gradually withdrawing from the church, they stood with heads uncovered in the street till the hearse, followed by many carriages, had passed from sight on its way to St. John's College, Fordham. "I'm surprised," said one gentleman to another, after the funeral services were over, "I'm surprised that some one of his friends did not say a few words at the ceremony."—"We all knew him well," replied his companion, "and we needed no words to tell us his worth;" and truly may it be said that each one treasured up in his heart memories of Fr. Thiry's virtues that no eulogy could equal.

His place will be a difficult one to fill; the absence of his familiar face will be felt by all the students, young and old, for no boy ever attended St. Francis Xavier's without knowing him; but he will be more especially missed by the old students, as he was among the few still left from whom they could confidently expect recognition. The confessor of many, the consoler of others, the trusted friend of all, his presence will be missed and a void left that it will take many years to fill. Others will take his work, but they cannot take his place in the hearts of his friends, where the memory of his virtues will remain sacred for all time.

His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Fordham, which holds the dust of many of the most intimate friends of his religious life. This his first American home, from which he had gone forth in the early dawn of his priesthood with the new glory of the sacerdotal dignity still shining on his brow, now opens her arms to receive him back, worn out in the service to which he had been sent. Willingly had he set out, manfully had he labored, nobly had he died. Tired with helping stumbling souls over rough places, wearied with seeking and leading back souls that had strayed, he found new life and strength in redoubling his efforts to bring other souls to God. His joy brought peace to the troubled, his word, comfort to the sad, his very presence, hope to the despondent; the light of his life had streamed afar over the path of the unfortunate, and even in the presence of death the flickering flame cast its feeble ray to light to his Master timid souls affrighted at the difficulties of the path which leads to light eternal. He entered God's service in the first hour and bore the heat and burden of the day. How great shall be his reward?

FATHER DOMINIC YENNI.

A SKETCH.

When our Very Rev. Fr. General read in the catalogue of the mission of New Orleans for the year '87–'88, "P. Dominicus Yenni — Doc. inf. gram. an. 51 mag.," he thus wrote: "Ex catalogis nostris cum admiratione cognovi, R. V^am^ annum jam quinquagesimum in scholis, idque in scholis grammatices decurrere. Res perrara, atque ad memoriam et exemplum insignis."[1] Words that plainly show how he realized the story told by the catalogue.

What a vista of untold sacrifice and monotonous drudgery unfolds itself before us at the bare mention of fifty years of labor in a grammar class! But when we are told that at the farther end of this vista there was a tall, dark-haired, dark-featured stripling, full of zeal for his work, light-hearted, affectionate, ready to "trade" as best he may with the "talents" his Master had given him, and when as he draws nigh the end we see that he is unchanged, save that the face is furrowed and the hair blanched and the "talents" bright from use, the monotony remains, indeed, but it is the monotony of the cloudless blue of heaven, or rather, the grand monotony of Fr. Yenni's native Alps. Now, just as it is well nigh impossible so to limn the Alps that the picture may make the exile's heart beat faster and the stranger stand in awe, so too is it difficult to sketch the career of Fr. Yenni in such a manner that those who knew him not may in some way realize the beauty and calm peace of his soul, and that those who lived and worked with him may see him before them once more. Still, an attempt must be made, that this bright example of the hidden life in the new Society may not be lost to us. "Ad virtutem pertinet," says Very Rev. Fr. General, "meritorum grato cum sensu esse memorem."[2]

The modest, saintly Dominic Yenni[3] was born at Dornbirn, a market town of the principality of Vorarlberg in Tyrol, on Jan. 1, 1810. Of the first twenty years of his life we know nothing, save that he studied at St. Gallen, in the Swiss canton of that name, and that while there he re-

[1] WOODSTOCK LETTERS, July, 1888. [2] ibid. [3] Originally written Jenni.

ceived his first lessons on the violin. We may judge, however, of his youth by his old age, since the Scriptures tell us: "As the days of thy youth, so also shall thy old age be." In his twenty-first year he felt called to join the ranks of those whose vocation it is "insignes se exhibere in omni servitio sui Regis æterni." In obedience to the divine command, he set out in the fall of 1830 for Gratz in Styria, carrying with him his loved violin, and on Nov. 7, he began his novitiate there under Fr. Lœffler. Here he learned to love poverty and mortification with a practical love, which was to abide with him to the end. After his novitiate he seems to have taught, and at the same time read his theology, in our college at Tarnopol, Gallicia, and to have been for some time subminister of our college at Innsbruck. It must be said, however, that of the first seventeen years of his religious life we possess but scant information.

When the revolutionary era of '48 was within measurable distance, like so many others who have devoted their lives to the building up of the Church in America, he turned his eyes to the western world, where he would be free to devote himself without let or hindrance to the service of God. His mind was quickly made up, he would go to America, and having obtained the necessary permission he bade Europe a final adieu in Oct. 1846. This exile, voluntary though it was, must have gone to his heart, for his was a singularly affectionate nature. Of how he loved his dear Tyrol we may judge by a little incident that happened at his jubilee in 1880. On that occasion an old friend of his, Fr. C. M. Widmann, sent him a few verses in the dialect of his country; the almost forgotten words moved the old man to tears, and with the eagerness of a child he showed the verses to all who might perchance understand them.

On his arrival in New York, our fathers introduced him to Archbishop Hughes. Almost immediately he proceeded to Cincinnati, where he spent a few months in acquiring as much of our language as was absolutely necessary for the classroom. He had very little time however for preparation. In July, 1846, the province of Lyons accepted Spring Hill College from Bishop Portier of Mobile, and teachers were needed. Under these circumstances, Fr. Yenni was called from Cincinnati to New Orleans in Feb. 1847, and was immediately sent to Spring Hill, which, with a brief interruption, was to be the scene of his labors for forty-one years. This interruption was caused by the burning of the college on the night of Feb. 5, 1869. The destruction of Spring Hill was a calamity in the life of Fr. Yenni, for he had already come to love every brick and timber of the building;

and of the two things he prized most, his crucifix and his violin, the former was all he could save; his Cremona was gone forever.

On Feb. 19, the students and faculty were transferred to Grand Coteau, there to finish the scholastic year. Fr. Yenni never took to his new home, and his longing for Spring Hill developed, as one who lived with him at the time tells us, into a real case of home-sickness, so that superiors were obliged to send him back as soon as the vacations came. To Fr. Yenni's great joy, Spring Hill was opened again on the 8th of December following, and he was never again asked to leave the loved spot until called away to his heavenly home.

Such was the only break in his life; for the rest, one day was like another, and the year following like to the preceding. When he was a younger man he had to act as prefect, and this caused him much suffering, for the social conditions of the time rendered the boys less submissive to discipline than they are nowadays. Yet he was never known to complain; and here it may be added that no one ever heard him speak of, or hint at, the long years he spent in the classroom, and nothing was farther from his mind than to ask for a change. God, in the person of superiors, placed Fr. Yenni in the classroom, and there he was contented to remain; and there, as Very Rev. Fr. General has said, "fratribus suis, qui sunt in iisdem scholæ laboribus socii, exemplum exhibuit, quo commoti gravem hanc vocationis nostræ partem nova æstimatione colant et tractent, quo sanctam patientiam, quæ in hac palæstra præ ceteris est necessaria, discant, quo novum fatiscenti naturæ animum et stimulum addant." [1]

"In the treatment of his pupils," writes one who knew him well, "Fr. Yenni invariably kept cool. He had no particular friends among them, neither did he make any of them an enemy. He never scolded, and yet somehow the boys felt that the work had to be done." "The dullest boys," writes a student of his, "progressed under him, and I have often heard my school-mates remark that the good old man *made* them learn." We are not surprised at this, when we come to think of the care with which, to the end, he prepared for class. Each day's matter was carefully synopsized, and the best way of putting it studied out with all the pains a young scholastic could bestow on it. Of late years this preparation mainly consisted in working up amusing examples, and devising schemes to excite emulation, so

[1] Woodstock Letters, July, 1888.

that class hours, even though he was a strict disciplinarian, were anything but irksome.

Here is a brief sketch of a day under Fr. Yenni as given by one of his students. "On entering the classroom we would silently and noiselessly take our places, fold our arms until the usual *Hail Mary* was recited, and then in silence present our exercises one after another. Fr. Yenni's first remark to us was: 'Hands on the desk, doctors,'—for 'doctors' was our sobriquet—and there our hands had to remain during the class. If any amongst us were too tardy in complying with this order, the old gentleman would never hesitate to give the regular quarter of an hour 'arrest.' (This is the name the recreation of a boy, spent in the cheerful company of a picket fence, goes by at Spring Hill.) Fr. Yenni was very strict in the correction of our exercises. Faults of spelling, solecisms, and barbarisms had each their particular mark. Barbarisms were in an especial manner an abomination to him. One morning, in reading my exercise, he came across one of these things. I remember how his features grew sterner than usual, when all at once, darting a look at me which made me tremble in my seat, and taking off his skull-cap, he crushed the exercise in his hands, and threw it into the waste-paper basket, saying at the same time: 'Boy, this is what I do with such an exercise,' and then he ordered the windows opened (it was a day in January) to clear the atmosphere. The whole affair struck me so much that I do not remember having ever repeated the faults contained in that luckless exercise. But with all this sternness he was fond of a joke. I shall never forget the trick he played upon us towards the close of my year with him. It was to be our last combat, we were divided into two armies, the Romans and Carthaginians, and the leaders had been dubbed Scipio and Hannibal. The victorious army was to carry off the plunder, a large basket of grapes. For an hour or more the two armies fought desperately. Every exception, irregular verb, noun, and adjective in the grammar was proposed and answered by one side or the other. At the close, the victorious Romans (for, as of old they had proved themselves the better warriors, so on this occasion they had shown themselves to be the better grammarians) rushed out of class in great glee. But oh, what a chop-fallen lot they were when they opened the basket! There it was, filled with old shoes and slippers, deftly covered over with vine leaves, and a handful of grapes on top. Hannibal's spirit was soothed, and the Carthaginians felt that they were not quite annihilated. A recitation missed or an exercise negligently written had to be accounted for

during recreation, when the old man would come to the yard, and, with an *oh! mon camarade*, call the delinquent, whilst those who felt safe would gather round to see the fun."

Among the fruits of Fr. Yenni's experience in the class-room are his Latin and Greek grammars. The Latin grammar was begun in the scholastic year of '52—'53, when Fr. Yenni had paradigms of the declensions and conjugations, together with a few of the simplest rules of syntax, printed in Mobile. It is scarcely necessary to say that the greatest care was bestowed on both works. Some parts of the Latin grammar, we are told, were written out ten or twelve times, and it is a notorious fact that the publishers complained loudly of the good father's continual correction. Some of Ours were of opinion that the book would never come out, and there is no knowing what might have been its fate had not Fr. J. Montillot, Rector of Spring Hill, profiting by the absence of Fr. Yenni in Grand Coteau after the burning of the college, ordered its publication as it stood.

The life of unceasing toil, of which some idea may be formed from what has been said, was relieved by the simplest kind of relaxation. On class days, when work was finished and the weather was fine, Fr. Yenni could always be found sitting on the balcony, telling his beads, his eyes fixed the while on the western sky where the day was dying behind the pine-clad hills in all the gorgeous hues of a southern sunset. When the weekly holiday came round, it was his wont, until within two years of his death, to walk to Mobile and back. Here is a picture that might be seen on Spring Hill Avenue on those Thursday afternoons. A tall, strongly built, dark-featured man; though advanced in years, he is perfectly erect and precise as a soldier in his every movement; his massive head, covered with short white hair, has a little inclination forward; the forehead is high and broad, and the firm square jaw tells the story of his character; the eyes beam brightly behind a pair of spectacles that rest on a well shaped nose, and a placid smile plays on his thin lips; his whole appearance and bearing is modest and saintly. This is Fr. Yenni. Add a troop of children, whom he dearly loved, and the picture is complete. The little ones along the route know him well, and await his coming; for he has cakes and bonbons and pictures for them. Often they lead him to their homes, and through them, like another Xavier, he wins the parents.

If the weather was bad, or some untoward circumstance deprived him of his walk, he solaced himself with his violin. His passion for music was so great that at one time he

deemed it a duty to mortify himself in this regard, and in consequence his violin was silent for years. Finally the matter was brought to the notice of superiors, and they insisted that the instrument should once more speak in the master's hands, and he in his childlike humility obeyed. Its new-found voice was lost forever after the 23rd of October, 1887, the jubilee of Fr. Roduit. That was the last time Fr. Yenni played. A friend of his, himself a musician, thus writes of his playing on this occasion: "His purity of intonation and grace of execution were not those of old. It was plain that he was soon to end his musical career on earth, to join the celestial choir in sounding the praises of his God, whom he had served so well and long."

That he was master of his instrument is the unanimous testimony of those competent to form a judgment; and this perfection he owed more to inborn talent and his own exertions, than to any exterior training. The following incident speaks volumes for his skill. He was playing at a public exhibition when one string snapped, and then another; nothing daunted he continued, and his hearers saw no difference in his execution. His squarely built figure, bearing we are told a strong resemblance to the late Cardinal Franzelin, was to be seen among the members of the college orchestra at all the exhibitions, erect and avoiding all unnecessary motion. He seldom played solos in public. If you wanted one you had to apply to his friends, the little boys. They might have to use all their influence, but should they be refused there was no resource left but to see the rector, or wait until the next jubilee of one of Ours came round. His choice of music too was typical of the man. His favorites were Spohr, Mayseder, and Molique, and because modern music was at variance with their classical simplicity and ease, he not only took no pleasure in it, but disliked it thoroughly.

So much might the world see of him, but for his brothers in religion there was reserved the beautiful spectacle of his religious life, which is thus summed up by one who knew him longest and best: "Totus in Deo raptus, vix præsentiam Ejus amittebat. In omnibus virtutibus religiosis constanter versatus, prælucebat sociis tamquam perfectum exemplar." Of all his virtues, those that stood out most prominently were modesty and mortification. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he was a living model of the rules of modesty; and as to mortification, the most obvious proofs of it were found in the facts that he never used to lean back in his chair, never crossed his legs, never sat in a rocking-chair, and bore without a murmur the terrible headaches to which

he was subject. He was of a timorous and delicate conscience, and but for his profound humility and childlike obedience, would have been extremely scrupulous. He was, as we have seen, inclined to be strict as a disciplinarian; this trait was noticeable too in his religious life, in which, as far as he was personally concerned, he ever inclined to the more rigorous.

But notwithstanding all this he was far from being gloomy; quite the contrary, he was lively and full of innocent fun, so that no one, save the rector, was safe from his tricks. Those who have lived with Fr. Yenni may remember how glad the old man used to be whenever the rector and minister chanced to be absent from table. Being the senior, he was superior for the nonce, and was ever in a hurry to give *Deo Gratias*. While speaking of his virtues, his great love of poverty must not be lost sight of. Some half dozen books were all it was usual for him to have in his room at one time, he was never known to wear anything new, and yet he was the neatest member of the community. Of his longing to remain hidden and unknown it is not necessary to speak. His destruction of the letter, in which Very Rev. Fr. General thanked him, in the name of the Society, for his life's work, bears eloquent witness to his humility. "He destroyed it," wrote Rev. Fr. T. W. Butler, then superior of the mission, "fearing that it would be found after his death and probably published, and that thus he would receive praise which, in his opinion, he does not think he deserves."[1]

The objects of his more especial devotion were, we are told, the Blessed Sacrament and St. Benedict Joseph Labre. The life of this saint he had read seven or eight times, and the volume was found in his room after his death. A small bronze statue of the same hero of God stood on his desk, and the modest adornment of the walls of his room was a picture of this saint, in canonizing whom, the enemies of the Church sneeringly said, Leo XIII. had canonized rags and dirt. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is well exemplified by an incident from the last winter of his life, showing his desire of always living near the chapel. Through some defect of the steam coil in his room, Fr. Yenni suffered much from cold during that winter, yet he could not be induced to change the room for one more comfortable but farther removed from the domestic chapel. The same devotion to the Prisoner of the Tabernacle was the reason why he so carefully prepared in the evening the Mass of the following day.

[1] Woodstock Letters, March, 1888.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the saintly Jesuit who closed his eyes in death at Spring Hill on July 8, 1888, in the 78th year of his age, and the 58th of his religious life. In an account of his last days we read: "He grew so weak towards the end, that he could do nothing but say his beads, which he held for hours and hours in his hands; and his only recreation was to talk a little with Fr. Rector, whose company he sought as being the representative of God. His mind quite failed him the last few weeks, but he had already received the last sacraments. He had lucid intervals, in which he felt his condition very keenly, and used to say that he was now making his purgatory. Doubtless that was all the expiation his pure soul had to suffer."

In conclusion, may we not apply to Fr. Yenni the simile by which a poet has described a man—the creation perchance of his muse—who had all Fr. Yenni's love for children and Fr. Yenni's untiring devotion to a hidden laborious life?

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

TWO GOLDEN JUBILEES.

1. Fr. Paul Mary Ponziglione.

The name of Fr. Ponziglione is familiar to the readers of the Letters as the annalist of Osage Mission, Kansas. The fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society was celebrated with great pomp on Wednesday, Feb. 27, at St. Francis' Institution, Osage Mission. The celebration of the jubilee began at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, when a reception was given Fr. Ponziglione by the children of the parish. A pleasing feature of this entertainment was the recitation of an original poem commemorating the little church in which "Father Paul" first celebrated Mass in Osage Mission. The children also presented the venerable priest with a set of altar cards and a beautiful pair of golden cruets, all of which were used in the Mass the day following. At 3 P. M. a musical entertainment was given in the hall of St. Ann's Academy, an institution for girls under the direction of the Sisters of Loretto. This consisted mainly of the presentation of Cardinal Wiseman's drama, *Fabiola*. At night a

third reception was tendered the veteran priest in the college hall, when addresses of congratulation were delivered and two elegant candelabra were presented. After a selection by the Osage Mission Band, a trio from St. Francis' choir sang the jubilarian's favorite hymn, "Ave Maris Stella," by Bellazaro. Several of the visiting clergy then made short addresses and presented gifts. Hon. P. W. Mess, Mayor of the city, then delivered an address, and in behalf of the married men's and married ladies' sodalities presented a sanctuary carpet. In behalf of the young men's sodality, a large and handsome baptismal font was presented. A jubilee ode, written for the occasion by Rev. T. A. Butler of St. Louis, was read by Very Rev. E. Bononcini in the name of the deanery of Parsons.

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. honored the occasion by sending his special blessing to Fr. Ponziglione, as the following message testifies:

ROME, February 1, 1889.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The Holy Father very willingly grants his special blessing to Fr. Ponziglione for his golden jubilee, and to all present on the celebration day. I join my heartfelt congratulations, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices, I remain, Yours in J. C.,

C. CARDINAL MAZZELLA.

At the close of these exercises, the venerable father satisfied the wishes of his many friends present, by giving a brief but humorous sketch of his early life in Kansas. The jubilee gifts already mentioned were only a few of the many received by the beloved missionary; but the present which gave the good father more pleasure perhaps than all the others was a cope sent by the Osage Indians who are now in Indian Territory.

On Wednesday, Feb. 27, the jubilee Mass was sung in the chuch of St. Hieronymo. Fr. Ponziglione was assisted by Rev. T. A. Butler of St. Louis. Fr. P. Scholl of Independence was deacon, and Fr. James Hartman of Wichita subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Fr. H. Moeller. Over 1200 people were present at the Mass, and during the grand ceremonies many doubtless recalled the early Masses said in Osage Mission by the venerable priest who was celebrating the entrance upon his fiftieth year as a Jesuit priest, and the far different surroundings at that time. Then his altar was erected in a wild land, over which, as Father Moeller aptly expressed it, angel bands had been hovering for

years, waiting to be called to bear upward to God the most pure sacrifice of the Mass, waiting for an altar, waiting for a Host to watch over and give perpetual adoration. The cross was erected among a tribe of red-men and the early life of this now strong Catholic place was that of a mission among savages. The first Mass was sung amidst rude surroundings and before unlearned congregations; while this jubilee Mass with its grand ceremonies, the church in which it was celebrated, and the numerous priests who filled the chancel gave evidence of the great advance the Church had made since "Father Paul," as he is lovingly called, not only by his associates but also by his parishioners, first came to the mission.

After the Mass came the jubilee banquet, over which Rt. Rev. Bishop Scannel of Concordia presided, with Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy of Wichita on his left and Fr. Ponziglione on his right. Besides the bishops and priests already mentioned, there were present Rev. Fr. Frieden, Provincial of the Missouri Province and several other fathers of the same province; V. Rev. Fr. Heyden, Dean of Topeka; Abbot Innocent Wolf, O. S. B., of Atchison; and many secular priests from Leavenworth, Hutchison, Dodge City, Wichita, Cherryvale, Manhattan, Winfield, and Greenbush. — *Ad multos annos.*

2. Fr. John B. Emig.

On Tuesday, March 12, Fr. John B. Emig, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hanover, Pa., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The day was observed as a general holiday by the Catholics of the vicinity in honor of the occasion, and hundreds came from the neighboring parishes to attend the jubilee Mass. Many of those who came from a distance were unable to gain admittance to the church, but they joined with the members of the congregation of St. Joseph's in doing honor to the venerable and beloved pastor. The jubilee Mass was sung by Fr. Emig himself, assisted by Rev. T. J. Crotty of Littlestown, Pa., as deacon, Rev. J. W. Burke of Bonneauville, Pa., as subdeacon, and Rev. Joseph A. Boll of Gettysburg, Pa., as master of ceremonies. The jubilee sermon was preached by Fr. John J. Murphy of Georgetown College. Rt. Rev. Bishop McGovern was present on the occasion and delivered a congratulatory address. Among the other clergymen present were Rev. Fr. Provincial and several others of the venerable father's religious brethren, besides secular priests from York, Lancaster, and Columbia, Pa.

Fr. Emig received several jubilee gifts on the occasion, among them the collection taken up at the jubilee Mass. Though eighty-one years old, Fr. Emig is still in the enjoyment of excellent health and administers unaided to the wants of his large flock with as much vigor as he did twenty years ago. As a contributor to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS from '72 to '75, his accounts of missions given in Frederick County and elsewhere, will be remembered by many, and hence we regret the more that we have not received a detailed account of his jubilee. May he be preserved for many years to carry on the good work of his Master!

Catalogus Sociorum
Missionis
AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ
SOCIETATIS JESU
Ineunte Anno 1811.

R. P.

CAROLUS NEALE
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS
A DIE 9 DEC., 1808.

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ
COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

P. Franciscus Neale, *Præs. coll., Sup. dom., Proc. Miss., Rect. eccl. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam.*
P. Joannes Grassi, *Præf. schol., Doc. ling. ital. et hisp.*
P. Petrus Epinette, *Mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*
Carolus Bowling, *Aud. philos.*
Jacobus Ord, " "

COADJUTORES

Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*
Laurentius Lynch, *Ad dom.*
Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad dom.*
Petrus Kiernan, *Ad dom.*

NOVITII SCHOLASTICI

P. Gulielmus Matthews, *a die 17 Mart. 1809, Rect. eccl. S. Patritii, Washington.*
Josephus Clarke, *a die 1 Oct. 1809*
Simon Gartland, " " "
Franciscus Hopkins, " *28 Dec.* "
Samuel Cooper, " *26 Maii 1810*
Joannes B. Cary, " *3 Sep.* "
Joannes Rossiter, " *1 Oct.* "

NOVITII COADJUTORES

Christophorus O'Hare, *a die 11 Jul. 1808*
Christianus Simmering, " *20 Dec.* "
Bartholomæus Redmond, " *1 Oct. 1809*
Gulielmus Mullen, " " "
Gulielmus Byrne, " *28 Dec.* "
Gulielmus McDevitt, " " "

IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI

et Collegium Inchoatum

New York Literary Institution

P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen., Administr. diœc. sede vacante, Rect. eccl., Conf. et conc. in T., Conf. alumn.*
P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Cur. ger. collegii, Adj. rect. eccl.*

MAGISTRI

Michael White, *Doc. ling. lat., græc. et angl.*
Jacobus Redmond.
Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. mathes.*
Josephus Marshall, *Coadj., Ad omnia.*

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli.*
P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

Gaulterus Barron, *Coadj.*
Josephus Mobberly, " *Cur. ger. præd.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA FRIDERICOPOLITANA

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr. ad stationes in Maryland. et Virginia.*

RESIDENTIA BALTIMORENSIS

Ad S. Petri

P. Enoch Fenwick, *Rect. eccl., Socius Illmi Archiep. Carroll.*

IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Rect. eccl., Oper.*

RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Rect. eccl., Oper., Excurr.*

Residentiæ Conewaginensis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiæ, in Statu Pennsylvaniæ; et Bohemiensis, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in Comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

VITA FUNCTUS

P. Sylvester Boarman, *7 Jan. 1811, Resid. ad Newport.*

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SCHOLASTICI			
Bowling *Carolus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Cary *Joannes B.*	16 Jul. 1772	3 Sep. 1810	
Clarke *Josephus*	12 Mai. 1789	1 Oct. 1809	
Cooper *Samuel*	— Jan. 1771	26 Mai. 1810	
COADJUTORES			
Barron *Gualterus*	14 Aug. 1769	10 Oct. 1807	
Byrne *Gulielmus*	15 Apr. 1790	28 Dec. 1809	
E F G			
SACERDOTES			
P. Epinette *Petrus*	24 Sep. 1760	2 Jun. 1805	
P. Edelen *Leonardus*	20 Oct. 1783	10 Oct. 1806	
P. Fenwick *Benedictus*	3 Sep. 1782	10 Oct. 1806	
P. Fenwick *Enoch*	15 Mai. 1780	10 Oct. 1806	
P. Grassi *Joannes*	10 Sep. 1775	16 Nov. 1799	
SCHOLASTICUS			
Gartland *Simon*	12 Mai. 1790	1 Oct. 1809	
H K L M			
SACERDOTES			
P. Henry *Joannes*	15 Sep. 1765	18 Jul. 1804	
P. Kohlmann *Antonius*	16 Mai. 1771	12 Jul. 1805	
P. Malevé *Franciscus*	1 Dec. 1770	1 Sep. 1804	
P. Matthews *Gulielmus*	16 Dec. 1770	17 Mar. 1809	
SCHOLASTICI			
Hopkins *Franciscus*	25 Aug. 1792	28 Dec. 1809	
Marshall *Adamus*	18 Nov. 1785	10 Oct. 1807	

COGNOMEN ET NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
COADJUTORES			
Kiernan *Petrus*	12 Jan. 1767	7 Jul. 1808	
Lynch *Laurentius*	7 Jan. 1783	10 Oct. 1807	
McDevitt *Gulielmus*	25 Apr. 1792	28 Dec. 1809	
McElroy *Joannes*	14 Mai. 1782	10 Oct. 1806	
McLaughlin *Patritius*	17 Mar. 1768	10 Oct. 1806	
Marshall *Josephus*	10 Mai. 1788	6 Dec. 1807	
Mobberly *Josephus*	12 Jan. 1779	10 Oct. 1807	
Mullen *Gulielmus*	12 Mai. 1785	1 Oct. 1809	
N			
SACERDOTES			
R. P. NEALE CAROLUS	10 Oct. 1751	7 Sep. 1771	13 Nov. 1806
P. Neale *Franciscus*	2 Jan. 1756	10 Oct. 1806	
O R S			
SCHOLASTICI			
Ord *Jacobus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Redmond *Jacobus*	2 Nov. 1776	10 Oct. 1807	
Rossiter *Joannes*	16 Jul. 1780	1 Oct. 1810	
COADJUTORES			
O'Hare *Christophorus*	12 Jan. 1779	17 Jul. 1808	
Redmond *Bartholomæus*	25 Aug. 1767	1 Oct. 1809	
Simmering *Christianus*	12 Jan. 1780	20 Dec. 1808	
W			
SCHOLASTICI			
Wallace *Jacobus*	11 Mar. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
White *Michael*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	

MISSION AND PROVINCE CATALOGUES.

The series of catalogues of the "Mission of the United States of America," and of the "Province of Maryland," preserved in the province archives, begins with the year 1820.

The catalogues for the years 1820 to 1833 are in manuscript, and are written out in full, one for each year.

In 1820 the mission numbers 25 priests, 33 scholastics and 30 coadjutors.

In 1823 the "Mission of Missouri" was begun with 2 priests, 6 scholastics, and 2 coadjutors.

In 1829 the following note appears: "A mission has been begun among the Indian tribes in the State of Maine, Diocese of Boston. Father Virgil Horace Barber is the missionary to the two tribes of Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians. Both tribes are Catholic and have, since the suppression of the Society, persevered with fidelity in the faith received from Ours. The aforesaid Fr. Barber is now engaged in opening a school for them at Pleasant Point where they already have a church built of wood. At St. Louis in Missouri a house or college is being built."

The "Mission of the United States of America" was erected into a province, to be known as the "Province of Maryland," and Fr. William McSherry was appointed first provincial on Feb. 3, 1833.

The catalogues for 1834 and 1835 are in manuscript. In 1836 the first printed catalogue appears. Langtree and O'Sullivan, Georgetown, were printers for 1836 and 1837; 1838 is in manuscript, 1839 appears in print, 1840 was lithographed at the Roman College, and from 1841 there is an uninterrupted succession of printed catalogues.

The imprint of Woodstock College first appears on the catalogue for 1878.

*** The compilation of catalogues for the years 1807–1819 is continued in the present number of the LETTERS. Any authentic information concerning our fathers and brothers during the years mentioned, will be gratefully received by the editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, for the compiler of the catalogues. Letters, entries in church records and account books, newspapers, etc. will be of use, at least to verify facts already gathered.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART
AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Letter from the Gesù, Philadelphia.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, continues to spread with the most consoling rapidity. During the last two months alone, Father Buckley has established it personally in St. Augustine's Church, South Boston; St. James', Boston; St. Patrick's, Roxbury; and at Peabody, Cohasset, East Weymouth, Malden, Hyde Park, and Arlington, all in Massachusetts; at Valley Falls and Pawtucket in Rhode Island; and at St. Patrick's and St. Mary's the Star of the Sea, in Baltimore; besides addressing meetings of Promoters, that is, lay people devoted to the spread of the work, at Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, and at Waltham, Mass., and at the New York Cathedral. During May and June he will continue his foundations in Syracuse, N. Y.; the Wheeling, W. Va., Cathedral; Pittsburg and Altoona, Penn.; Bridgeport, Conn.; and Holyoke and Boston, Mass.; while several other parishes are in immediate prospect.

Besides these personal foundations, the Apostleship of Prayer has been established in at least forty other cities, embracing dioceses all over the United States. We may mention in particular the cathedrals of Los Angeles and Lincoln, and churches in Montana, Washington, California, Colorado, Kansas and Louisiana. All these foundations are regularly chronicled in the *Messenger*, which, we are happy to say, is steadily and substantially growing in popular favor.

In connection with the Apostleship of Prayer, we cannot fail to notice the beautiful devotion recently proposed by its Director-general, the Consecration of Families to the Divine Heart of Jesus. We quote the following words from the official explanation of the work issued, with the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, by the Rev. Director-general of the League of the Sacred Heart.

"On the 17th of June, 1689, our Lord himself, in one of his revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, asked for a social consecration of Christians to his Divine Heart. France then called itself the most Christian kingdom, but the in-

vitation was unheeded. One hundred years later, day for day, on the 17th of June, 1789, began the great French Revolution, which has led the nations of the world to regard only the so-called rights of man and to neglect the law of God. A second century, ending this present year, 1889, has not, generally at least, brought nearer the official consecration of nations, though the South American Republic of Ecuador, in the midst of civil and religious conflict, has proved a most happy exception. But the wide spread of the devotion, and of different associations, rendered possible the official consecration of nearly all the dioceses of the Christian Church, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., in 1875—the bi-centennial year of the great revelations concerning the Sacred Heart. May it not be hoped that this centenary of our Lord's appeal to the societies of men will at least find an answer in the consecration of Christian families to His Divine Heart? May this consecration of families become truly popular and reach every Christian home. The families of poor and rich alike will find therein strength and consolation, and choice favors from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary."

Father Dewey has just issued the following circular, on the new edition of valuable religious works which he has begun publishing in connection with the *Messenger*:—

"The attention of the reverend clergy and religious communities is earnestly invited to the new *Sacred Heart Library*, to be issued as a quarterly supplement of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, beginning with June, 1889. It will form a periodical publication of standard expositions of the theology of Catholic devotion, each number making a thick handsome 12mo pamphlet, strongly bound, of some 150 pages. Where one work runs through two numbers the paging will be consecutive, to admit of binding in a single volume. Each number will be printed on good paper and in clear type, so as to form a worthy addition to any library. This method of publication is, practically, the only way of issuing cheaply, or even at all, works of this serious kind, which have not a regular sale sufficient to induce the ordinary booksellers to keep them in print. The first two numbers will comprise the classical work of Father Ramière on The Apostleship of Prayer. These will be followed by a new edition of Galliffet's standard work on the Devotion of the Sacred Heart, which will be directly printed for the *Library* from the plates of the late English edition, already out of print. It is intended to follow up the series with other works of the highest interest to those who are engaged by profession or inclination in the solid study of religion.

An endeavor will be made to choose and prepare works for the use of those who may be called on to instruct others. Of the works in contemplation, several have been hitherto quite inaccessible to English readers, such as the remarkable exposition called The Hidden Treasure, written by the Jesuit Juan de Loyola in the last century. The success of the similar undertaking (*La Petite Bibliothèque*) of Father Vanderspeeten in Belgium, gives good reason to hope that this endeavor at supplying English-speaking Catholics with clear and comprehensive expositions of the practical points of their religion will not fail to meet with favor from the reverend clergy and religious communities, on whom we must principally rely for the success of the publication. We also beg their good offices in bringing the work under the notice of intelligent Catholics likely to take advantage of such reading."

The work of the New York agency of the Holy Childhood which Father Thiry so long and successfully superintended, has been transferred to the office of the *Messenger*. It will be continued pretty much upon the old lines. The extensive connections, however, of the *Messenger*, which now reaches into every corner of the country, will probably contribute largely to spread it into hitherto unknown fields. The preparation of the bi-monthly *Annals* and all the details as to the printing will remain as before in the hands of Father Daniel, a secular priest of Montreal, who is the head-director of the work in North America. The *Messenger* will of course print its own local yearly *Report*.

Our new St. Joseph's College, in connection with the church of the Gesù, will open its first classes next September. Only the two lowest grades will be started, though the number of classes promises to be at least four. The intention is that the students of what shall now be the higher grade shall form the new grades as they pass their examinations year after year. When they graduate, this system will have enabled us to commend them as young men wholly of our own training. The old church is already being transformed into a double line of lofty and spacious class-rooms. Four of them will stand on either side of the corridor, which will be a continuation of the present corridor of the residence. The students will enter through the Seventeenth-street door. This suite of rooms will give us every desirable accommodation, and promises to present a very imposing appearance. It will be remembered that when the foundations of the old church were laid twenty years ago, every detail of the present arrangement was provided for. Our announcements will shortly appear in the papers,

and we are all sanguine of a large and intelligent body of students. The great lot adjoining the church, which is now the daily scene of the Wild-West revels of the altar-boys, will serve as a capital playground for the college. Tuition at the new college will be free, the only expenses being the charge made for books and stationery, and even this will not be made in the case of promising pupils whose means may be limited.

For the first time in the history of the Gesù, the Holy Week services were this year carried out in full. The spacious sanctuary invites to thoughts of grandeur and elaborateness which our narrow limits of the past twenty years precluded. The white marble sodality-altar of the Blessed Virgin has been completed, while that of St. Patrick is being built up very rapidly. Mass was celebrated at the latter altar on St. Patrick's day at five o'clock, and in spite of the early hour a great crowd attended. The altar is a massive one and is composed entirely of marble imported expressly for it from Ireland. The main parts are of pure white, and the panellings of deep green veined with bronze and gold. The granite basin of one of the holy-water fonts of the middle aisle is also a present from the Island of Saints. The Gesù, by the way, is proud at possessing the only authentic relic of St. Patrick in this country, Fr. Villiger having taken no little pains to procure it from Rome.

Another present to the church, all the way from the shrine of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, is the handsome statue of the Sacred Heart which now adorns the chapel of the Apostleship of Prayer. It is already reputed to be the source of many extraordinary spiritual favors, and a group of worshippers are constantly seen kneeling before it. A rich marble altar is to be placed in the chapel of the Apostleship before many months. The cost is to be at least five thousand dollars, and the members of the Holy League, who alone are to bear the expense, are showing themselves enthusiastic and generous. The local League is acquiring fresh vigor every day and now numbers some twenty-five thousand members. Father Pardow's lecture on Paray-le-Monial was given in the old church under the auspices of the League on April 25th, and met with a success far surpassing the most sanguine expectations. Tickets were sold by none but members of the League, and only Promoters acted as ushers to the lecture. The hall was crowded to the very doors by members from all over the city and suburbs, making up an audience whose refinement and intelligence must have been very gratifying to the reverend lecturer.

The first Friday of June will be celebrated in the new church by a grand public consecration of families to the Sacred Heart. The act of consecration will be read from the pulpit, and will be repeated in unison by all the representatives of the different families.

THE SCAPULARS.

The following answers to doubts about the scapulars have been received recently by Fr. Socius from the Rev. Procurator-general of the Society.

Resp. ad quæsita in litt. 12 Martii data:

1) Utrum quinque laneæ chordæ diversi debeant esse coloris, sc. coloris scapularis, rubri pro scapulari Passionis, et ita deinceps?

2) Utrum illæ chordæ ita contorqueantur ut unam formeni?

Ad hæc respondeo dicendo quæ sint essentialia scapularium; quibus fit ut (accedentibus benedictione et impositione) indulgentiæ lucrari valeant.

1) Scap. de M. Carm. fiat ex *lana*, coloris *tanni* (habitus PP. Carmelitarum), aut nigri.

2) SS. Trinit.—ex *lana*, coloris *albi.*

3) B. V. Concept. Immac.—ex *lana*, coloris *cærulei.*

4) 7 Dolor. B. V.—ex *lana*, coloris *nigri.*

5) SS. Passionis D. N.—ex *lana*, coloris *rubri.*

Itaque materia sit ex *lana*, *non* ex alia materia.

Scap. de SS. Trinit. habeat crucem coloris rubri-cærulei, sic ut trabs *verticalis* sit coloris rubri, *horizontalis* cærulei; hæc crux sit *lanea.*

Scap. de Passione habeat in uno latere Salvatorem in cruce, ad crucis pedem sint instrumenta passionis, et circum crucem verba: "S. Passio Dni N. J. C. salva nos." In altero latere sint SS. Corda Jesu et Mariæ, super quæ crux, quæ ex ambobus sursum elevatur; et subscriptio sit: "SS. Corda Jesu et Mariæ defendite nos."

In ceteris scapularibus *potest* esse aliqua imago, sed non est ad essentiam necessaria.

Forma sit *quadrata* (non rotunda).

Duo panniculi sint ligati chordulis *cujusvis* materiæ; scap-

ulare tantum Passionis requirit *essentialiter* chordulas *laneas*, *rubri* coloris.

Si quinque scapularia simul junguntur, chordulæ sufficiunt *unæ*, sed sint *lanceæ*, *rubri* coloris, eo quod pertinent ad essentiam scapularis SS. Passionis.

Non est necesse ut omnes singulorum scapularium chordulæ in unas contorqueantur.

Junctio scapularium fit ita: aut singula scapularia cum singulis chordulis assuantur simul ad partes superiores; aut scapularia cum unis chordulis lancis rubri coloris assuantur ad partes superiores; aut scapularia assuantur in medio. Quomodocumque jungentur, observandum est semper singula scapularia *esse debere bene distincta;* extrema ab una parte sint Scap. SS. Trinitatis, ut evidens sit crux, ab altera parte, SS. Passionis, ut videatur imago (de qua supra).

N. B. Si quis perdiderit aut mutare voluerit scapulare prima vice rite acceptum, potest sibi substituere aliud. Solum pro scapulari SS. Trinitatis quoties renovatur, denuo benedictio scapularis requiritur (*non est impositio renovanda*).

Denique essentiale est ut unus panniculus pendatur in pectore, alter in dorso.

Credo sic sufficienter me respondisse ad duo dubia supradicta.

Ad 3^{um}.—Utrum habitus noster locum teneat scapulariorum, etc.?

Non habemus habitum proprie dictum, sed "vestitum honestum ad communem et approbatum sacerdotum regionis usum accommodatum" (Inst. P. 6, c. 2, § 15.); hic vero vestitus *nullo modo* locum tenet scapularium, quidquid de ea re Nostri sint edocti. Neque moniales ex habitu ullo privilegio gaudent.

Non peto facultatem benedicendi numismata quibus applicatur benedictio papalis (v. 3 vol. Inst. Leonis XII. 1826, inter vicennales n. 19, pag. 354).

F. Ploegman, S. J.

Roma, 10 April., 1889.

CANADA.

JESUITS VS. ORANGEMEN.

The angry cloud which has been hanging over the Society in Canada during the past few months, in the matter of the Estates Bill, has not yet entirely disappeared, still the sky is brightening up again and the world has begun to move on quietly as before. But after the marvellous outburst of combined patriotism and fanaticism of Her Brittanic Majesty's loyal Orange subjects, this new dawn of peace is hardly what we expected. The violent and thundering language employed in the Protestant pulpits and in the Orange newspapers against the Society, made nervous people begin to think that the Jesuits were soon to take their final trip across the Styx, that our modern Iroquois friends, the Orangemen, were about to come down from their haunts in Ontario and take our Jesuitical heads to decorate the lamp-posts of Canada. Happily, we have been left to tell the story of our escape, and to chronicle the amount of labor the Orangemen underwent to bring forth a mouse.

The readers of the LETTERS may know that a grant of $400,000 was made last year out of the Provincial Treasury of Quebec to the Catholic Church of that province, in restitution for the estates belonging to the Old Society, which had been unjustly confiscated by the Crown of England, after the death of the last Jesuit, Father Casot, in 1800. The passage of this bill occasioned little discussion in the public press. The Protestant organs popped objections now and then during the debate, but they were promptly refuted; and matters ran on smoothly to the end. Even the fact that a Jesuit, Father Turgeon, had been chosen to treat with the Quebec government did not ruffle the good temper of the Protestant element.

The compensation grant, being merely a provincial act, was subject to disallowance by the federal authorities at Ottawa. But Sir John A. Macdonald's government, recognizing the principle of provincial autonomy, that Quebec could take care of herself, refused to veto the bill.

The whole affair should have ended with this sanction. With the exception of a fanatical protest from the Evangelical Alliance of Montreal, which did not represent more than

a fraction of the Protestants of the Province of Quebec, complete satisfaction was shown by the population which had to foot the bill. But the sympathetic Orangemen of Ontario, surprised at the seeming unconcern of the Protestant minority of the neighboring "priest-ridden" province, declared themselves deeply aggrieved at the decision of the federal cabinet to let the bill go by without their veto, and began to pass resolutions condemnatory of the act.

The arrival of a despatch from Rome, expressing approval of the result of the negotiation with the Quebec government, made the Orangemen indignant, but the receipt of the decree giving the pope's decision regarding the final disposition of the $400,000 transformed their mild indignation into an unparalleled fury. Instead of simply protesting and passing resolutions against allowance, the Orangemen threatened to oust Sir John from power if he did not revoke his decision and veto the obnoxious bill.

The occasion of this increase of bile was the perfectly lawful and necessary part taken by the pope in the disposal of ecclesiastical property; but the fact that "an alien potentate," as they called him, mixed himself up, even indirectly, with the affairs of a British colony was too straining for the nerves of loyal Orangemen; and they vented their wrath on Leo XIII., Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Mercier, the Jesuits, and on every one in general. It is hardly possible to realize the bitterness of the language employed. Few dreamed that there was such a pent-up mass of fanaticism awaiting an outlet in the fair dominion.

The Toronto *Daily Mail*, probably the most influential newspaper in Canada, the *World* and *Orange Sentinel* of Toronto, and the Ottawa *Journal*, all recognized champions of the Canadian Orange body, lent themselves to the kindly office of slandering the Catholic Church and the Jesuits. Letter after letter, filled with the basest abuse, began to appear. Columns of correspondence grew under the pens of the Protestant ministers of Ontario. These servants of the meek and lowly Saviour protested against Ultramontanism, Jesuitism, Romanism, against Romish aggression under any form whatsoever. No "foreign ecclesiastic," come he from the banks of the Tiber or Kedron, dare infringe on the rights and liberties of the loyal subjects of the British Crown. Goldwin Smith grew eloquent. "Far from having a claim to legal endowment," said he, "Jesuitism has no more claim to legal protection than Thuggism. The sacrifice of human victims to Bowannee, by the cord of the Thug, was not more wicked than the sacrifice of human victims by the sword of Jesuit wars."

The dreadful mistake committed by Mr. Mercier in 1886, when he granted incorporation to the Order of Jesus, was the beginning of the downfall of Canada. The province of Quebec is already in the iron grasp of the Jesuits; Ontario is about to succumb. A body of men, absolutely without nationality or bond of patriotic duty, with no country but their order, is a dangerous element; but to allow it to enjoy corporate privileges, to endow it out of the public funds, is against the plainest policy of the state.

It would be a loss of time to give the readers of the LETTERS anything more than the general tone of this eruption of fanatical patriotism. The writer waded through the hundred and forty columns of matter directed against the Society by the Orange organs. He found rubbish of every hue, but absolutely not one argument. The disappointment was not great, however. He made a few discoveries that it would be hardly fair to keep from his readers.

Be it known, therefore, that the Jesuits of Canada are all foreigners; that there are three hundred Jesuits in the Church of England to-day, not to speak of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, disguised and at work sapping its foundations, and leading it on silently but surely in the direction of Rome; that all Ritualists are Jesuits in disguise; that the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are Jesuits; that St. Ligouri was a Jesuit; that Hon. Mr. Mercier is a Jesuit; that every article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* is a papal bull; that the Jesuits are at the bottom of the labor-strikes and all the social disorder in the world; that had Protestants aided His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau in his struggle with Mercier and the Jesuits, two years ago, they might have defeated the Incorporation Bill; that the incorporation of the Jesuits is the root of all the present Compensation trouble; that this demand for restitution is only the first of a series of acts which is to give the Jesuits eventually full possession of Canada; that Gallicanism was pursuing the even tenor of its way in Canada, and would have continued to do so to the satisfaction of all, had not the Jesuits appeared on the scene in 1842 with their Ultramontanism, and upset everything; that a new and popular edition of Blaise Pascal's *Provinciales* would be a real service rendered to this country at the present time; that the Romish Church, at the instigation of its Jesuitical element, places on the Index the ripest results of modern science and philosophy, muzzles the press, and enslaves the state; that the Society of Jesus is the sworn foe of freedom, progress, and enlightenment, and is utterly unscrupulous as to the methods it adopts for its own aggrandizement.

These few clippings give an idea of the mode of warfare employed by the Orangemen. Calumnies that had long been laid to rest were raked up from their tombs and dealt out in large quantities to the famished Orangemen. Convinced evidently that the heavier the fire, the fewer the chances of escaping unhurt, the writers made strenuous efforts to get the greatest number of calumnies into the least amount of space; and their success was unprecedented. To give a specimen of the style indulged by the correspondents of the Orange organs, we copy literally from the Ottawa *Journal.*

"The Roman Catholics, not of the Jesuit Order, have suffered more and are more interested in restraining them than Protestants, because the latter do not trust them. If we knew nothing of the teachings of the Company of Jesus (this is the name which they assumed), the fact that they have been driven out of every country of Europe (little Belgium excepted), mostly Roman Catholic, would force us to resist their establishment in Canada. . . . The Society from the first has not obeyed the popes; they openly resisted Paul IV., Paul V., Sixtus V., Urban VIII., Clement XII., who vainly contended against the doctrines of the Jesuits. Nine popes fruitlessly condemned the assimilation of Chinese rites with Christianity. They flung Cardinal Tournon, Legate of Clement XI., into the Inquisition of Macao, where he perished. History records that Clement XIV., who dissolved the Society, was, in the best opinion of the day, poisoned. Their schemes have been failures; their teachings made France and Italy infidel, and northern Europe Protestant; they prepared the way for English power in India, and Rome for the capital of the Piedmontese sovereign and the humiliation of the Holy See; their intrigues and mischievous meddling lost the crown of Britain to James II. and the empire to Napoleon III.; they fanned the flames of persecution against the Huguenots; they prompted the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew; their responsibility for plots against Queen Elizabeth, for the murder of Henry III. of France, for blowing up the British House of Commons, for the Thirty-Years' War and the Franco-Prussian War, stamp them as the most merciless enemies of mankind. Of their boasted missions what remains? They do not go to them, voluntary agents, as other laborers in foreign fields. Every Jesuit is bound by his oath to implicitly obey his superior "who stands to him in the place of God;" he is to be like a corpse with no will. And even if going to his work, driven like a wave before the wind by a power not his own,

had any merit, he has left no substantial proofs, either amongst our red Indians or the tawny Asiatics, of good works; they are as completely obliterated as his footprints on the sands, or the wake of the vessel which bore him over the ocean."

Prose of this stamp, sent out in columns every day for weeks, had the desired effect on the Orange population. Orange indignation rose still higher all over Canada. The Rev. Dr. Wild, a Protestant minister of Toronto, asserted in the pulpit that in the British Empire the murderer of a Jesuit could not suffer for the crime. Mass-meetings were held by the lodges, evangelical alliances, and other bodies of the same shade —as many as three thousand people assembling one night in the Toronto Pavilion —and motions condemning the Jesuits, their doctrines, and their Compensation bill were carried at every meeting without a dissenting voice.

Pages written with evident labor established parallels between the Orangemen and the Jesuits. These comparisons, under any condition never very flattering to the Jesuits, were rendered less so by the Orange pens. It was beyond Orange comprehension how Jesuit incorporation and compensation bills could obtain ratification from the federal cabinet, while the immaculate Orange body could not even force a smile of recognition. A sorry state of affairs, indeed, when the staunch upholders of the British Crown could not receive incorporation in the British province of Quebec, while a society of men which has been banished from almost every country can enjoy corporate privileges in it, with $400,000 thrown in! Even the great Goldwin Smith, in one of his inspired moments, raised his voice and exclaimed: "Refuse incorporation to Orangeism and endow Jesuitism! If this be justice, what is iniquity?"

We may remark parenthetically that the Society got only $160,000 out of the provincial grant; the rest went to the bishops of the province of Quebec.[1] The Orangemen failed

[1] DECRETUM—*Cum per Apostolicas Literas* "Dominus ac Redemptor" *diei XXI. Julii MDCCLXXIII Clemens PP. XIV. suppressa Societate Jesu, ejusdem Superiorum jurisdictionem tam in spiritualibus quam in temporalibus in locorum Ordinarios transtulisset; specialis postmodum Emorum Cardinalium Congregatio præditarum Literarum dispositionibus executioni mandandis ab eodem Summo Pontifice constituta, in encyclica epistola sub die XVIII. Augusti eodem anno data statuit ut quisque Episcopus* "singularum (*Societatis Jesu*) domorum, collegiorum necnon et locorum hujusmodi et illorum bonorum jurium et pertinentiarum quarumcumque possessionem nomine Sanctæ Sedis apprehenderet et retineret pro usibus a SSmo designandis." *Nihilominus in inferiori regione Canadensi, civilis gubernii opera, decreta hujusmodi non adamussim executioni mandata sunt; et Episcopus Quebecensis, tunc R. P. D. Briand, bonorum Societatis in ea diœcesi existentium administrationem ejusdem Societatis Patribus reliquit vita eorum naturali durante. Qui-*

to make this nice distinction between the two classes; and the Society alone had to bear the weight of their compliments.

But the dark side of things was not the one continually held up to view. Now and then during the late campaign a sparkling of humor broke the monotony of the gloom. Literature of the lighter kind was brought into play by the geniuses of Orangeism. But their questionable taste was evinced when they published their parody on a passage of Holy Scripture, in which His Holiness the Pope, Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier Mercier, and a Jesuit or two, were the characters introduced. The Toronto *Grip* cartooned the principal actors in the campaign; but their Jesuits, dancing polkas in utter defiance of the Rules of Modesty, were hardly recognizable. *Grip's* fertile imagination provided amusement for the Orangemen, who very often saw wit where there was none to see.

bus extinctis, anno MDCCC civile gubernium bonis omnibus Societatis in Canada potitum est, eorumque redditus publicæ instructioni in Scholis tradendæ applicuit; atque ita in ea regione se res habuerunt, etiam post restitutam a Pio PP. VII. Societatem Jesu, usque ad superiorem annum MDCCCLXXXVIII.

Hoc tempore Gubernium Quebecense pro iis bonis quæ antea in regione illa Societas possidebat compensationem dare proposuit, offerens francorum vicies centena millia (fr. 2,000,000), necnon prædium cui nomen la Prairie, *prope Marianopolim prostans. . . . Porro cum infrascriptus R. P. D. Dominicus Jacobini Archiepiscopus Tyren. S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretarius, in audientia diei XXII. Julii anni ejusdem, ea SSmo D. N. Leoni div. prov. PP. XIII. retulisset, Sanctitas Sua propositam compensationem acceptari permisit. Quoniam vero proprietas patrimonii illius ad S. Sedem, ut supra dictum est, devoluta fuerat, statuit ut accipiendæ compensationis distributio ipsi Sedi Apostolicæ reservaretur.*

Tandem SSmus D. N. in audientia ab infrascripto Emo ac Rmo P. D. Cardinali Joanne Simeoni Sacri ejusdem Consilii Christiano Nomini Propagando Præfecto habita die V. vertentis mensis Januarii MDCCCLXXXIX, re mature perpensa, attentisque imprimis finibus ad quos memorata bona, ut exploratum est, tradita a Donatoribus fuerant, instruenda scilicet catholicam juventutem, necnon agendi sacras missiones inter sylvicolas regionis Canadensis, mandavit ut Patres Societatis Jesu, compensatione accepta, sibi retinent prædium quod vulgo dicitur la Prairie, *necnon summam francorum octingentorum millium (fr. 800-000); cedant vero septingenta millia francorum (fr. 700,000) Licæo Magno catholico Lavallensi, quorum quingenta millia (fr. 500,000) ipsi Universitati in Urbe Quebeci existenti, et bis centum millia (fr. 200,000) Succursali Marianopolitanæ ejusdem Universitati; quinquaginta millia (fr. 50,000) Archidiœcesi Quebecensi; quinquaginta millia (fr. 50-000) Archidiœcesi Marianopolitanæ; et item centum millia (fr. 100,000) Præfecturæ Apostolicæ Sinus S. Laurentii; ex reliquis autem tercentis millibus æqualem partem tribuant sex diœcesibus prædictarum provinciarum Quebecensis et Marianopolitanæ Suffraganeis, nimirum Chicoutimiensi, Sti Germani de Rimouski, Nicoletanæ, Trifluvianensi, Sti Hyacinthi et Sherbrookiensi; ita ut unaquæque harum quinquaginta francorum millia (fr. 50,000) sibi ex æquo vindicet. Itaque super his Sanctitas Sua præsens Decretum edi mandavit, contrariis quibuscumque minime obstantibus.*

Datum Romæ ex ædibus S. C. de Propaganda Fide die XV. Januarii An. MDCCCLXXXIX.

JOANNIS CARD. SIMEONI Præfectus.

[L. S.] ✠ D. Archiep. Tyren. Secr.

From what has preceded, the reader may form a judgment of the fanaticism the Society had to deal with. Deplorable ignorance, or the most revolting bad faith appeared on every page of the writings of our opponents. Besides the calumnies dried with age that were sprung upon the public, the old charges about mental reservation, probabilism, regicide, "the end justifies the means," were drawn from oblivion, and put forward as if they had never been refuted. Busembaum, Wagemann, and Gury were taken down from their shelves and commented on by writers who could not read the Latin text. These venerable authors were drafted into the ranks of the enemy and made to assume the paternity of doctrines they had never held. Paul Bert and Dr. Littledale were the fecund sources whence the Orangemen drew much of their material.

With the exception of a few pamphlets giving the true state of the question, sent out by Father Jones to balance public opinion, our fathers kept silent. Our battle was fought in the pulpits by the loyal and devoted Catholic clergy of Ontario, and by the Catholic editors in the press. The latter declared in private letters to our fathers that their columns would henceforward be devoted to the defence of the noble Society of Jesus, the valiant soldiers of Christ who, now that they are assailed by the enemies of the Church, show themselves more than ever worthy the name they bear.

The Rev. Dr. Whelan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, lecturing in defence of the Society, followed the example set by his American cousins, and offered $500 to whoever would prove that the Jesuits teach that "the end justifies the means." The challenge was accepted by the Rev. Dr. Wild of Toronto, who after making a patient public drink down once more Dr. Littledale's undigested "encyclopedian" proofs, sent in a formal but unsuccessful claim for the money. Verily, if Dr. Littledale has immortalized himself, he is going to immortalize others also.

Matters reached a climax, however, when the Toronto *Mail*, one cold February morning, placed the following choice dish before its readers:—"In view of the fact that the Jesuits rule the Romish Church," the *Mail* cordially invited "every American and Canadian to read, mark, and inwardly digest the horrible oath which every Jesuit takes when he enters the Order":—

"I, N. . . . . , now in presence of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Hosts of heaven, and you, my

ghostly Father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that the Pope is Christ's Vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the Universal Church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by Jesus Christ, he has the power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation; and that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and His Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority, especially against the now pretended authority of the Church in England, and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome.

"I do renounce and disown my allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named Protestant, or to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of His Holiness' agents, in any place wherever I be, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, notwithstanding that I am dispensed with, to assume my religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, but to execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly Father, or by any of this convent.

"In testimony whereof I take this Most Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal in the face of this holy convent."

The effect of this morsel on the palate of the Protestant population may be easily imagined. Notwithstanding a prompt and positive contradiction in the press, by Father Jones of Montreal and Father Drummond of Winnepeg, the "Jesuits Oath" spread throughout the whole of Canada as fast as electricity could carry it. Had the Falls of Niagara flattened out, they could not have produced a greater sensation. The "oath" was crowned with fiery headings in the newspapers, its various clauses commented on in long editorials, and the possibilities of the future of Canada discussed by the acute editors. The formula was read in the different Protestant churches of Ontario on the Sunday following its publication, to show the Protestants the kind of

serpent the dominion was harboring in its bosom. The flat denials of our fathers were either ignored or laughed at, and another era of fierce correspondence was opened up in the newspapers, the writers calling on all loyal Orangemen to read the "oath" and then be up and doing; "the enemy was at the gates and ready to enter; the British Empire was in danger."

It is remarkable the amount of love recent events developed in the hearts of Orangemen for the British Empire. It was not merely the interests of religion and morality, but the interests of the British Empire that demanded the crushing out of Jesuitism, notwithstanding the assertion of an Orange writer that the Jesuits prepared the way for British power in India. But even if Orange loyalty to Britain is not so intense after all, as a recent orator seems to hint, it is worthy of note that, during the late campaign against the Society, Orangeism never once forgot itself so far as to suggest "annexation" as a means to rid itself of the Jesuit incubus. The treatment that Orangemen have always had at the hands of their republican neighbors undoubtedly had something to do with this prudent reserve.

The "oath" left such an impression on the public mind, that our fathers, who had remained more or less passive until then, thought the time had come to act. It was resolved to strike a blow for peace. A suit was instituted against the Toronto *Mail* for having published a false and libellous oath, with a claim for $50,000 damages. This was a surprise to the public, hardly less than the "oath" itself, but to no one more than to the *Mail*.

The Toronto *Grip* published a cartoon representing two newsboys with their arms laden with papers. One asked the other what Jesuits were? "Don't know," replied the other, "but they make the papers sell." This had been the *Mail's* little game. Reviling Jesuitism, which it knew nothing about, had gained for it many friends and had increased its circulation enormously; but that a real, live Jesuit should walk into its sanctum and gravely demand $50,000 for the privilege of being reviled, was an issue it was not prepared for.

The effect of this coy glance at the cash-bags of the Toronto Thunderer was simply amazing. Notwithstanding the insolent and braving air with which it brought forth the infamous "oath" as gospel truth, as soon as the news of the libel suit reached headquarters, it lowered its pennants. The very next morning the following appeared in the *Mail*:—

"We do not undertake to prove, nor can we undertake to

prove, the authenticity of the document, any more than we could undertake to prove the authenticity of the Secret Instructions (Monita Secreta), which the Jesuits also repudiate, but which are given in full in such a standard work as Larousse's *Dictionnaire du XIX. Siècle*. Everything about the Society of Jesus is covered with a mystery which, in the processes instituted against it by so many kings and nations, has been but partially removed. If the authenticity of the oath is denied, we are perfectly ready to record the denial. What we are not ready to deny, under any threats, is that the doctrines embodied in the oath are substantially those which have been preached by Jesuit doctors and exemplified in the history of the Order."

The news of the suit was received sarcastically by the Lodges. The Montreal *Witness*, the apostate Chiniquy's organ, had words of encouragement for the *Mail*, and felicitated the noble sheet on having been found worthy to suffer persecution for justice' sake. But the *Mail's* other Orange friends were loud in their vituperation of the Jesuits, and advised the chivalrous thunderer to keep right on—it being a clear case of American "bulldozing." The *Mail* did keep right on, to save appearances, but in a softer tone. It set itself to proving rather than simply affirming. It began again to talk about Jesuit doctrines and Jesuit casuistry, quoted the London *Quarterly*, Dr. Littledale, and even Bishop Cleveland Coxe, if we recollect rightly—its object being to turn public attention from the precise point of the question, namely the "oath," and fix it on something else. That it had this object in view, it showed plainly when it declared in subsequent numbers that the Jesuits were again exhibiting a specimen of their cunning, in taking it up on a minor point, the formula of an oath—a simple side-issue—instead of keeping to the main question, namely, the doctrines embodied in the "oath."

An objection raised in the beginning of March against the Compensation Bill drew public attention away from the libel suit, for it was a new phase of the question. The Canadian *Law Journal*, an authority in judicial circles, decided that compensation to the Jesuits in the present Estates Bill was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it was an acknowledgment of the right of an alien power—that of the pope—to legislate in a British province.

This new departure proved a boon to the Orange newssheets. They had exhausted their supply of abuse; the *Law Journal* opened up another and unexplored source. Contending that the Compensation Bill was unconstitutional, it based its decision on some obsolete enactments

against papal supremacy and against the Society, of the time of Elizabeth.

But the *Law Journal* unfortunately ignored two very important facts: first, that the penal laws of England never obtained in the Canadian colonies, consequently the Elizabethan enactments had no application in the present case; secondly, that free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion being guaranteed to Canadians, at the Conquest, by the treaties of Quebec and Montreal, the right of the pope to interfere in church matters was necessarily acknowledged by England; consequently the pope was free to appoint an agent to settle claims against the Quebec government regarding ecclesiastical property, was free also to ratify the settlement after the fact, and then distribute the outcome at his good pleasure.

The lamentable ignorance of the *Law Journal*, however, did not prevent its arguments from having weight with the Orange fanatics of Ontario; and confident of victory, one of their number, Col. O'Brien, Member of Parliament, resolved to bring the question before the House of Commons. The courts, not the House of Commons, were the place to test the constitutionality of the bill; but if the question were discussed in Parliament, the debate would end with a vote; if the majority were against compensation to the Jesuits, the vote would be equivalent to a want of confidence in Sir John A. Macdonald, and his cabinet would have to resign.

Tuesday, March 26, was the day appointed to begin the debate. During the intervening days, the wildest conjectures were let loose as to how the votes would run. The Toronto *Globe*, the leading organ of the Liberals, had pronounced in favor of disallowance, which fact, it was feared, would influence the vote of many of that party. Excitement ran high; one would have thought that there was question of the downfall of the nation.

On the day named, a company of militia was placed on Parliament Hill, in Ottawa, to quell any premature manifestations of trouble, and to moderate the ardor of the crowds rushing to hear the speakers. Col. O'Brien, the "scourge of Jesuitism," the "champion of down-trodden justice" was the hero of the hour. When all was silent within the Commons, the colonel rose, and in solemn tones, adapted to a second-rate speech, gave the history of the Jesuit Compensation Bill, pointed out its obnoxious features, and modestly moved that certain resolutions be adopted, of which the third and last read as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this House the passage of the

Act by the legislature of the Province of Quebec, entitled: 'An Act respecting the settlement of the Jesuit Estates,' is beyond the power of that Legislature;

"First, because it endows from public funds a religious organization, thereby violating the unwritten but undoubted constitutional principle of the complete separation of Church and State, and of the absolute equality of all denominations before the law;

"Secondly; because it recognizes the usurpation of a right by a foreign authority, namely, His Holiness the Pope of Rome, to claim that his consent was necessary to empower the Provincial Legislature to dispose of a portion of the public domain, and also because the Act is made to depend upon the will, and the appropriation of the grant thereby made is subject to the control of the same authority; and

"Thirdly, because the endowment of the Society of Jesus, an alien, secret, and politico-religious body, the expulsion of which from every Christian community wherein it has had a footing, has been rendered necessary by its intolerant and unchristian meddling with the functions of the civil government, is fraught with danger to the civil and religious liberties of the people of Canada.

"This House therefore prays that His Excellency the Governor General will be graciously pleased to disallow the said Act."

Col. O'Brien and his supporters were evidently in earnest; but they lived long enough to rue their temerity. The debate on the motion lasted two days, during which the Society had the satisfaction to see its cause discussed by able speakers (only two of whom were Catholics, Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, and the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Leader of the Opposition) and everything that could be said for and against it brought into light.

When the vote was taken, out of two hundred and one members present, one hundred and eighty-eight voted against the adoption of the O'Brien resolutions, leaving a paltry thirteen to console the Orangemen for all their trouble. Thus collapsed suddenly and ignominiously the Orange parliamentary campaign against the Society.

(*To be continued.*)

OBITUARY.

Fr. Aloysius Valente.

Father Aloysius Valente was born at Naples on the 7th of September, 1835. At the age of fourteen he felt his call to the Society, and as, on account of the revolution of '48, our Father General, Fr. Roothaan, was then living in exile at Naples, it was to His Paternity that the young Valente made his application. He began his noviceship on the 17th of January, 1850, and after his vows he spent nearly two years in the study of languages, and began his course of philosophy in November, 1853. After the usual course of three years, he taught physics and mathematics in the seminary at Benevento till the year 1860. This seminary was taught by Ours, and it is of interest to note that it was here Cardinal Mazzella studied. Fr. Valente's teaching at Benevento gave great satisfaction, and to this day several of his pupils remember him with great pleasure. At this time he was devoted to the physical sciences and was an enthusiastic teacher. In 1860, the Italian revolution caused our fathers to be banished from the Neapolitan kingdom, and the province was dispersed. Fr. Valente was sent with a number of his fellow-scholastics to Laval, and there he began and completed his four years of theology. He remained another year at Laval to teach logic and metaphysics, and then made his third year of probation at Laon under the venerable Fr. Fouillot. It seems that he was much esteemed by the Fr. Instructor for his docility, and was remarkable for his spirit of mortification and self-denial, a characteristic which he preserved all his life. On the completion of his third year of probation, Fr. Valente was sent to the seminary at Blois, where he was during a year professor of physics and holy scripture.

Being recalled to his own province in the year 1867, he was sent with several companions to the island of Corfu. It was here he learned modern Greek so as to speak it quite fluently; indeed he is said to have succeeded better than any of his companions in learning this difficult language. A trial of two years, attended with much suffering and many difficulties, convinced the superiors that there was no opening for a college or residence at Corfu, and our fathers were recalled. At this time, Rev. Fr. Paresce, Provincial of the Maryland Province, was building Woodstock and looking out for professors. He secured Fr. Valente and sent him to Paris, in the beginning of 1869, to purchase a physical cabinet and to attend the scientific lectures. He devoted himself to experimenting at the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* with an enthusiasm which he did not show afterwards in teaching. In fact it was here that his great love for St. Thomas first showed itself, so that his physical studies became more and more theoretical. He reached Georgetown in the summer of 1869,

and came to Woodstock on the opening of the college in September. As he had not acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to teach in that language, he was appointed professor of second-year philosophy. In his class were many fathers well known in the province, several of whom are now at Woodstock. They can all testify with what earnestness and real enthusiasm he explained the difficult matter of this year. Still, Fr. Valente had come to be professor of physics, so having acquired some fluency in English, the next year he was appointed to that office. His enthusiasm for the theoretical part of physics, and especially for the scholastic system, now far outweighed his interest in experimental physics. The modern theory of heat especially displeased him, and he made it a study of many years to adapt the experimental discoveries to the scholastic theory. This did not give satisfaction to many, as the experiments were made to take an inferior place; so after teaching physics for five years he was, to his great delight, again appointed to teach metaphysics. In this charge he continued for four years more, teaching also during two years the mathematics of first year. His intense application to mental philosophy at last seriously affected his health, and that he might have a complete change of occupation he was sent to Philadelphia to teach a grammar class. The superiors, foreseeing that it would be some time before a college could be opened at Philadelphia, and that there was a number of young men who seemed to have a vocation to the priesthood, determined to establish a class, and Fr. Valente was given charge of it. Quite a number now in the Society studied with him. At the end of the scholastic year he was recalled to his province and again appointed to teach physics and chemistry at the college of Pontano. In this charge he spent nearly six years, his health failing more and more. Finally, in March, 1887, he was obliged to relinquish his class. He lingered till August 6, 1888, when he piously died in our residence at Marigliano, near Naples, in the fifty-third year of his age. He had passed thirty-nine years in the Society.—R. I. P.

Fr. Joseph Bixio.

Father Joseph Bixio was born in Genoa, Italy, May 23, 1819, and was educated in his native city. He entered the Society in the province of Turin, August 22, 1838, and after finishing his studies, was for some years professor of rhetoric in our college of Cagliari on the island of Sardinia.

On the expulsion of the Jesuits from the kingdom of Sardinia in 1848, Fr. Bixio came to this country, and served in the province of Maryland until 1855. He then joined his brethren in California; but upon the breaking out of the Civil War he returned to the Eastern States where he was stationed, first at Richmond and afterwards at Staunton, West Virginia. Here his duties brought him into contact with both the Federal and Confederate armies; and although he held no regular appointment as chaplain on either side, his zeal led him to discharge as far as possible the functions of that office for both. On this account he often got into difficulties; for the commanders who knew him only by hearsay, and who, from the nature of things, were inclined to be suspicious of strangers,

often held him for a spy. It is reported that he received from one general a polite message to the effect that, if ever caught, he should be hanged to the first tree; and on one occasion he was really brought before General Sheridan. He succeeded, however, in showing the real character of his work, so that the general gave orders that he should have all the assistance and protection necessary.

Before the close of the war, Fr. Bixio returned to California and resumed his missionary duties. In 1878 he was sent to Australia, where he remained for a little more than a year. Coming back to California once more, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San José. Here he remained until July, 1887, when he was transferred to the same position at Santa Clara. Towards the end of 1888 his strength began to fail and he gradually sank until, on March 3, 1889, he died piously in the Lord.

Fr. Bixio's name is not unknown in modern history. He had the unhappiness of calling brother the well-known General Bixio, second in command of the Piedmontese army at the capture of Rome in 1870. The miserable life and still more wretched end of this man caused Fr. Bixio great grief; but at the same time it filled him with a great love of the holy vocation whereby he was preserved from such a dreadful fate, and caused him to labor with a fervent zeal, the remembrance of which will long remain amongst his many parishioners in Santa Clara Co.—R. I. P.

Mr. Henry P. McCarthy.

The death of Mr. Henry P. McCarthy at the Sacred Heart College, Denver, Col., on March 25, 1889, was a sudden and unexpected shock to many. Mr. McCarthy entered the St. Louis University in September, 1879, and after a course of five years, marked by steady, earnest application, which gained him a prominent place among the leaders of his class, on the completion of his rhetoric, he was received in the novitiate of the Society at Florissant, on August 7, 1884. As a novice, he was noted among his companions for a strong and fervent piety and a strictness and fidelity in the observance of the smallest rules, which continued ever on the increase with his days in religion. During his second year of novice-ship, superiors placed him over the novices as their *manuductor;* and in this position, his exactness, prudence, and tender charity endeared him more and more to all around him. On August 15, 1886, he took his first vows. During the two years of juniorate that followed, he devoted himself with characteristic diligence to his studies, without, however, in the least relaxing his strict vigilance over himself and his progress in perfection. In the beginning of his second year of juniorate, he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs and assumed ere long a serious aspect. His sufferings daily increased, but they served only as an occasion for displaying his virtue. As the year advanced, he was forced to give up all studies; and as his condition became worse, his superiors decided upon a change of climate. Accordingly, in the beginning of the scholastic year, Mr. McCarthy was sent to the new college of the Sacred Heart, Denver, Col. Here he began to teach, and for a time his health appar-

ently improved. A sudden attack in December, however, necessitated the relinquishing of his class. This proved another severe trial, as he was by nature active and energetic, always eager to do something, and an enemy to idleness.

On March 25, having received word from his superiors to return home, he got everything in readiness to start on the following day. That evening, about 9 o'clock, he conversed with several members of the community at Denver, and seemed comparatively well and in the best of spirits. He then retired to rest. At 11.30 P. M., Father Rector heard him call for help, and on entering his room found him suffering from a hemorrhage. Assistance soon arrived, but it was found that the flow of blood was too great to allow of recovery. Father Rector administered the last absolution, and in less than a quarter of an hour Mr. McCarthy's soul had taken its flight.

His death was an unlooked-for event; but though sudden it did not find him unprepared. His exactness and careful watchfulness over all his actions, his strict observance of rule, his love of prayer and eagerness after perfection, his ready obedience and true humility, joined to the warm-hearted charity which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, were virtues which kept his soul in hourly readiness for the summons of the Master.

The Highlander, of Denver College, to the management of which he devoted the last months of his life, thus concludes a grateful tribute to his memory: "He was humble, obedient, industrious, and prayerful. He was as exact in his virtues as a banker is in his books. His death, which seemed so sudden to others, could not have been sudden to him; for his daily life was lived as if the passing day would be the last.

"We buried his remains on the slope of the hill which had been marked out for the college graveyard. The spot will serve as a remainder to us not only to pray our best prayers for the repose of his soul, but also to emulate his beautiful example, and acquire some of the many virtues for which he was so well known and loved."—R. I. P.

Br. Raphael Vezza.

At Woodstock, on Mar. 29, the long and eventful life of Br. Raphael Vezza came to a close. Born at Naples on Oct. 24, 1826, he entered the Society on April 1, 1850, and made his noviceship at La Conocchia where Fr. Valente was his fellow-novice. Before the end of his second year, he was sent to the college of Salerno, where he remained as carpenter till 1855, and was then sent to Potenza, the capital of the province of Basilicata, where a new college was in course of erection. Here engaged on the new building he spent two years, and when the work seemed to promise the best results, Potenza was visited by a violent earthquake, which destroyed a large part of the city and reduced the almost completed college to a heap of ruins. After this calamity, he went to Grottaglia, the birthplace of St. Francis Hieronymo, to begin the building of a residence, and soon after was sent to Lecce where he remained till the revolution of 1860.

With the coming of Garibaldi, misfortune fell on the province of Naples; all the colleges were closed and the fathers and scholastics were dispersed. [1] The latter were sent to different countries; some found refuge in France, others in Spain. The brothers, with the exception of a few who accompanied the scholastics to their new homes, remained in Italy at their own homes serving God and hoping for brighter days. Br. Vezza remained at his home in Naples four years, often begging to be sent to some house of the Society in Europe or to some mission in America. In 1864, his request was granted. At the suggestion of Fr. Sopranis, then Visitor to the Rocky Mountain Mission, three carpenters, BB. Carfagno, Agostini and Vezza were sent to join the Society laboring in that distant mission.

When they arrived in New York, they found that Fr. Tellier, Superior of the New York and Canada Mission, had made an agreement with the superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, by which Br. Vezza's destination was changed to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where in August 1865 he took his last vows. A year later he was chosen as a companion to Fr. D. Vitale, who had become insane and was obliged to go to Barcelona, Spain. When he first became the guardian of Fr. Vitale he never left his charge alone; but after some time, finding him so tractable, and apparently so rational, he became less watchful. While crossing the ocean an incident occurred which placed the two Jesuits in a rather embarrassing position. One day, when left alone, Fr. Vitale approached a priest who was seated on deck reading his office, and quietly asked leave to look at his breviary. Without a moment's hesitation the priest handed him the book, which Fr. Vitale took and immediately tossed far out into the water. During the scene that followed, Br. Vezza appeared, looking for his companion; and, on learning what had taken place, he endeavored to explain to the indignant priest that the offense was committed by one who was not accountable for his actions.

Without further mishap they reached Barcelona, where Br. Vezza left his eccentric companion and went to Tortosa, the scholasticate of the province of Aragon. In 1867, the Neapolitan fathers decided to begin a mission in New Mexico, and Br. Vezza accompanied FF. Gasparri and Bianchi, two professors of philosophy in the scholasticate, who left Spain to devote their lives to the good of souls in this new undertaking. On this side of the Atlantic, they were re-enforced by Fr. Vigilante, and all four set out for the new mission, Br. Vezza going to Albuquerque, where he remained till the opening of Woodstock College in 1869. Here he was the carpenter of the college until about two years ago, when he was attacked by a complication of diseases, and from that time till his death

[1] Among other losses the province of Naples sustained in this revolution, was that of the novitiate at La Conocchia, which fell into the power of the government, and after being put to various uses, was finally turned into a military hospital; to this place seven or eight years ago King Humbert came to pay a visit to his soldiers. In 1883, this property was bought from the government by the Society through the mediation of Fr. Nicholas Valente; the building was remodelled and enlarged and has since become a boarding college of which Fr. De Augustinis was the first rector.

he suffered continually. Several times he was brought so low that the last rites of the Church were administered, and the prayers for the dying recited.

In March last, it became evident that he could not live much longer, and his wish to die during that month seemed about to be granted. As the feast of St. Joseph drew near, his desire to die on that day grew stronger; but when the day arrived he found to his disappointment that he felt better than usual. Turning to the infirmarian to whom he had confided his wish to die, he said: "Brother, I have missed the train." "Yes, perhaps because you had too much baggage," replied the infirmarian, pointing to the carpenter's tools, which Br. Vezza had asked to have brought to his room at the beginning of his illness. Nothing more was said, but the sick brother was evidently turning these words over in his mind, and a short time after he sent a request to Fr. Minister to have the tools removed to the carpenter shop. Those who have spent any time at Woodstock while he was carpenter will easily realize the sacrifice he made in giving up the tools of which he was always so extremely careful.

On the 28th of March he became so weak that death was hourly expected, and the last sacraments were again administered. As night came on, his sufferings increased, and at about 3 A. M., after the prayers had been recited and the last absolution had been given, Br. Vezza quietly breathed his last, dying as he had wished during the month of St. Joseph. The *De Profundis* bell at 5.15 A. M. informed the community of his death and enabled the priests to offer their Masses of that day for the repose of his soul.—R. I. P.

Br. James Strain.

Brother James Strain entered the Society at the age of twenty years, shortly after coming from Ireland, where he was born, May 1, 1832, in Banbridge, County Down. A few months after the completion of his noviceship, he was sent to the college of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., where he remained without interruption until the close of his life. Although young in years, he excelled in the qualities of patience, discretion, industry, and self-sacrifice, which were needed during the trying times that followed upon the burning of the college; and the charge of the wardrobe and infirmary, which was exchanged in later years for the combined offices of book-keeper and buyer, showed the confidence reposed in him by superiors, and helped to enlarge and intensify his sterling traits of character.

His loss is deeply felt at the college, which he served so long and well, where he spent thirty-five years of his life in religion, a life adorned with the virtues that befit a brother of the Society—modesty, humility, obedience, prudence, exact observance of rules, painstaking and methodical fulfilment of the duties entrusted to his charge. He was obliged to go to the city once or twice a day for many years, and his duties as buyer brought him into relation with various classes of men. A local paper expresses the universal sentiment of his worth: "Brother Strain will be remembered by those who had business with the college; his uniform

courtesy and even disposition were always remarked. By the old students of the college he was looked upon with reverence and respect. The college has lost in him a valuable officer and an edifying example of the religious life."

Many Protestants have expressed the high esteem in which he was held. He was a model of circumspection in word and action, both within and without the college. He had a genius for reticence in all things belonging to his office as book-keeper, and his systematic method was admirable. How deep-seated was the habit of religious observance within him, may be judged from the remark of a superior, who knew him intimately: "Although he mingled so much with business men, and was so frequently outside of the house, I have rarely met one who had so little of a worldly spirit."

His sickness and death were the fitting consummation of such a life, calm and peaceful. On the morning of April 14, he was attacked by inflammation of the bowels, and his patience and resignation were most edifying until his death, which took place at 9.45 A. M., Wednesday, April 23.—R. I. P.

Br. John Hilbert.

In the call of Brother Hilbert to the throne of God, we mourn the departure of one whose life may with truth be said to have been hidden with Christ in God. Seldom if ever did he speak of himself, his relations, or any incidents of his past life. He went about his daily labors in a quiet, meditative way, scrupulously obedient all the while; but even the feasts of the greatest relaxation never tempted him into more than a few pleasant sentences or an occasional anecdote from Rodriguez. Every one felt that this reserve was not wholly the result of his German temperament, but was due largely to a higher motive, an honest desire to be unknown. One of the brothers joked with him on the subject one evening, and said he had no doubt that his spirit of silence came from the spirit of devotion. "Yes," he replied in a humble way which never forsook him, "from devotion or stupidity; I can't tell which." With such a holy reticence guarding the story of his days, the facts which present themselves for a biography are meagre indeed. What we have, however, are filled with edification, and never more touchingly than when he felt the hand of death upon him.

Brother John Hilbert was born in Rhenish Bavaria on the 29th of October, 1835. He was, therefore, well on in his fifty-fourth year when he passed away. There was such a genuine faith observable in his different actions, and in the few words which he did allow himself to say, that his early training must have been singularly happy and religious. It was in Bavaria that he learned his trade as a tailor, after serving the usual long apprenticeship required in that country. At about the age of twenty-three, he left his native land and came to America. Shortly afterwards, the Civil War broke out. He enlisted as a private in the Union forces, and remained in active service till the end. In one engagement—while defending a cannon, it is supposed—he received a terrible sabre-stroke

across the cheek, which left its deep scar for the rest of his life. During these days also, of exposure to fatigues, privations, and inclement weather, he must have imbibed the first seeds of the disease which finally carried him off. At the close of the war, he again took up his trade as a tailor, and along in the seventies was employed at the same in St. John's College, Fordham. In this place his conduct was so exemplary that, when he applied for admission into the Society, few obstacles were put in his way. He was sent to Manresa to begin his noviceship under Father Daubresse, and was duly received into the community on the 20th of September, 1879. At the change of novice-masters, Father Gleason succeeded Father Daubresse. Both of these fathers speak of him with the tenderest affection, as a soul already ripe for heaven, as one whose bodily sufferings were great and continual, but whose obedience and patience kept the mastery. Few if any of his fellow-novices suspected all that he was enduring, so reserved and uncomplaining was he in every circumstance.

From Manresa he was sent to Worcester College in 1874, returning to Manresa in August of the same year to make the cassocks for those about to pronounce their first vows. He came to the Gesù in the fall of 1888, when it was apparent that his last days had come. He spoke with considerable pleasure once of the prospect of soon pronouncing his last vows, but God asked him to sacrifice that pleasure. He did so with his usual serenity. He had had an attack of pneumonia earlier in the year, but it was not until about the middle of March that he seemed to be seriously stricken.

He was not long in recognizing his danger, and then the real principles of his life shone forth. Being asked whether he felt any fear of death, he answered that he did not, he must meet it sooner or later, and he was willing to go at any time. A statue of our Lady stood over his bed in a little shrine which he himself had made, and when some one remarked how happy a sight it was, he said in a voice full of faith: "Yes, yes; I have great confidence in the Blessed Virgin." He grew weaker rapidly, but amidst all the oppression and weariness of his sick couch he never uttered the least complaint. He was like a child in the hands of the doctor and the infirmarian, doing precisely what they told him, or taking whatever medicine they offered him without an inquiry. He was anxious to give as little trouble as possible, and regretted that the brother in charge of him was put to so much trouble on his account. He received the sacraments several times during his illness, and was anointed the day before he died. After three weeks of suffering, borne with the greatest edification, he passed away quietly on the 13th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon.—R. I. P.

Fr. John Cunningham.

As this goes to press we hear of the death of Fr. Cunningham of the Maryland New York Province. An obituary will be prepared for the next number.

VARIA.

Australia, *Daly-River Mission.*—Fr. Jos. Conrath writes that the mission of our fathers among the Mulluck-Mullucks has been productive of some good; these savages have already noticed the difference between the missionaries and the colonists, and show their appreciation for the labors of the fathers in many ways. The missionaries hope, by gathering around their mission-stations as many families as possible, to make the cultivation of the soil a training-school for both soul and body. Fr. Kristen has charge of the school, which was attended during the first year by twenty children, and which is giving the greatest consolation. An increase of forty children is soon expected. Many of these little ones have asked to be baptized, but the fathers fear to baptize them until the adults show more willingness to give up their superstitions and renounce polygamy. They have to be especially cautious about baptizing the girls, who are liable at any moment to be given away by a father, an uncle, or some old man in the tribe, for a blanket or a piece of tobacco, to become the third or fourth wife of some old savage. However, the missionaries hope soon to gain over some influential adults, and after their conversion thirty or forty children will be baptized.

Austria, *Vienna.*—The Austrian House of Deputies has been the scene of several remarkable debates recently concerning the school laws passed by the Liberal ministry of '68 and of the years immediately following. These laws, which were brought into active force by the annulling of the papal *Concordat* on July 30, 1870, make it almost impossible for the Church to exercise even the slightest influence over the education of the children, as religion is, one might say, completely excluded from the curriculum of studies. The most notable speech of the session was delivered by Prince Lichtenstein, who showed by authentic statistics that the Church was allowed greater freedom, with regard to religious training in national schools, in Protestant Prussia, and in Schismatic Russia, than in Catholic Austria. Among those who attempted to answer the prince was Dr. Suess, formerly *rector-magnificus* of the university of Vienna, and a well-known enemy of Ours. He declared that the Jesuits were the cause of all the dissatisfaction regarding the education laws of the country, and were always exciting members to speak against what had been planned for the welfare of the younger citizens of the Austrian Empire. He concluded by saying that it was a cause of deep surprise to him to know that the government granted extraordinary privileges to the Jesuit college at Kalksburg, and, stranger still, that at Innsbruck the Jesuit professors of theology are placed on a level with the professors of the other faculties. The Society here feels secure during the lifetime of the present emperor, but his death might lead to bitter persecution on the part of the Liberals in power.

Lainz.—Mgr. Dopplbauer, the new bishop of Lainz, who was consecrated in Rome on March 10, studied under our fathers at the college here. He is very devoted to Ours, and has on more than one occasion given substantial proofs

of his friendship. Bishop Katzer of Green Bay was also a student at this college. The college of Lainz was formerly a castle belonging to the Archduke Maximilian D'Este, by whom it was given to the Society in 1837.

Innsbruck.—A house has just been purchased near the university in which 40 or 50 more theologians may be accommodated.

Beatifications.—Fr. Armellini writes that the beatification of our English Martyrs is progressing rapidly, and will not be long delayed. That of Ven. Fr. de la Colombière will follow, perhaps along with the canonization of Bl. Margaret Mary.

Belgium.—FF. Carbonelle and De Smet were named by the Holy Father "Chevaliers *pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*," on the occasion of his jubilee. — The Bollandists received from His Holiness a magnificent *Album Paleographique*, which had been given to him for his jubilee.

Father Carbonelle.—One of the most distinguished among the scientific men of the Society, Fr. Carbonelle, died at Brussels, March 4, 1889. He was born at Tournay, Feb. 2, 1829. Though remarkable for his mathematical and theological knowledge, having passed with great brilliancy the difficult examination for the degree of Doctor in Sciences at the university of Ghent, and given the Public Act at the close of his course of theology, he will be best remembered as founder of the *Société Scientifique de Bruxelles*. It was in the full maturity of his mind, and after a varied experience as editor in Paris, Belgium, and Calcutta, that he conceived the plan of this society. Its motto, which well expressed its aim, was taken from the words of the Vatican Council: "There never can be any real disagreement between faith and reason." Then, as to-day, in all countries, and in every rank of society, men were asserting that science is incompatible with the dogmas of our faith. It was Fr. Carbonelle's plan to bring together men who were true Christians and at the same time devoted to scientific pursuits; who while working for the advancement of science and publishing their investigations, would also labor for the advancement and defence of religious truth. To attain this result required a man eminent in science and of profound faith. Such a man was Fr. Carbonelle. Mathematics was his specialty, but no physical or natural science was unknown to him. In 1875, this society was founded and in 14 years it had 600 members from every nation, among whom were the most eminent *savants* of Belgium and 14 members of the Institute of France. Both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. encouraged this society by their blessings and by letter. Two periodicals were established in 1887: the *Annales*, destined for original researches, and a quarterly, *La Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, for circulation among scientific men. Both have always been of the very highest order and ranked with the best scientific journals of Europe. Gen. Newton, so well known from the explosions at Hell Gate, was an American member and contributed several memoirs to the *Annales* and the *Revue* . . . Fr. Carbonelle was the founder and perpetual secretary of this society and on him depended its administration and scientific direction. Though these occupations alone were more than enough for one man, Fr. Carbonelle labored at original investigation, and has published several memoirs all of great scientific value. His most important work is entitled *Les Confins de la Science et de la Philosophie*. In it the highest questions of science and philosophy are discussed in a masterly manner and with the double authority of the *savant* and the Christian. His great labors for this society undoubtedly hastened his end. It is needless to say he met death full of confidence in the

infinite goodness of God, in whose cause he had so valiantly labored. We cannot better conclude this short sketch than by his own words—they portray the man and the cause for which he gave his best days.

"We ought," he said, "to defend religious truth on every occasion and on all the points on which it is attacked; and since its enemies combat it to-day upon the ground of science it is there we ought to strengthen and sustain it. We owe it this defence by reason of that deep love which attaches us to the Christian faith, to the revealed religion; for this religion rests on that spiritual and religious philosophy which our enemies attempt to overthrow. This defence of religious truth is incumbent upon us too for the honor of science; for men disgrace science when they employ it in the service of pride and of the passions, when they cause it to deceive the ignorant, to falsify their consciences, to smother in them the convictions which elevate them and to point out as the hope of wickedness the horrible rest of annihilation."—Adapted from the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, April 1889.

Beyroot.—We are copying a valuable manuscript, not yet published, of Avicenna, which the India office has kindly loaned us. Our Arabic editions are more and more appreciated. A great German paper, very hostile to us, the *Centralblätt*, has paid a glowing tribute to our printing-house, the intelligent direction of which it praises highly. Fr. Monnot, well known to many in this country, during his visit in '74 to collect for the Syrian Mission, has been in Egypt, and is now visiting the mission.—*Fr. Lammens, in Fr. Pfister's Letters.*

Bombay.—During the scholastic year 1887–88 the college of St. Francis Xavier at Bombay had 1371 students—915 Christians, 235 Parsees, 161 Hindoos, 56 Mahometans, and 4 Jews; St. Mary's College (Bombay) 210 boarders and 284 day-scholars. The examinations for degrees were very successful. Of the 72 high schools which competed, this college, with three more successful candidates, would have had the first place.

Books.—*Les Etudes* commenced, with the January number, a supplement with the title "*Moniteur Bibliographique de la Campagnie de Jesu.*" This supplement is only for Ours and will be issued twice a year in January and July. It gives the title of all books, pamphlets, articles in magazines and reviews, as follows: (a) New works, translations or new editions by members of the Society; (b) Works composed by members of the Society, recently translated or re-edited by those who do not belong to the Society; (c) Works recently published by externs concerning (either in favor of or opposed to) the members and the affairs of the Society. Among the books announced we notice the following:—

Commentaire sur les Exercises Spirituels de St. Ignace par le P. de Ponlevoy.

Manuel de prières a l'usage des frères coadjuteurs de la Campagnie des Jesus. Petit-en-8, de 520 pages.—Uclès, Imprimerie des Scholasticat.

Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Compendium, Auctore P. H. Hurter, S. J., Editio sexta et emendata.

Ma Retraite. Meditations et lectures a l'usage de personnes religieuses qui font en particulier les exercises spirituels, par P. Gabriel Bouffier.

Among the periodicals mentioned we are glad to see our own WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy—Logic by Fr. Richard Clarke is published, as is also First Principles of Knowledge by Fr. John Rickaby.

The Moral Philosophy by Fr. Joseph Rickaby has reached already a second edition. Natural Theology by Fr. Bernard Boedder is nearly ready.

Resurrexit. Daily Meditations from Easter to the Ascension. By Fr. Richard F. Clarke, S. J., London.

Fr. Coleridge—The Seven Words of Mary.

Four Lectures on Anthropology and Biology, by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. Detroit, Mich.

L'esprit de Saint Ignace, Pensées, Sentiments, Paroles, et Actions. Recuillis et mis en ordre par le R. P. Xavier de Franciosi, S. J. — Nancy—Le Chevalier, 1887.

Fr. Pesch has published his second contribution to the Philosophia Lacensis.—Institutiones Logicales secundum principia S. Thomæ, Pars 1.

Fr. Mendive has published a whole course of Philosophy—Institutiones Philosophicæ Scholasticæ. It is divided as follows:—Logica 268 pp., Ontologia 243 pp., Psychologia 311 pp., Cosmologia 264 pp., Theodicea 198 pp., Ethica et Jus Naturæ 427 pp.,—6 Vols. in all.

Fr. Li has published for the month of May a new book in Chinese, "The Mirror of Virtues," 12mo. in two parts, the first containing the life of the Blessed Virgin, the second 31 meditations on her virtues.—(Illustrated).

De Confessariis Nostris—Notæ aliquot *ad usum NN.* per P. V., S. J.—Although this little book so precious to Ours was published in 1885, it is known to but few. Its object is thus expressed in the preface: "ut *quæ de confessariis nostris propria* in diversis Instituti locis, diversisque hac de re agentibus scriptoribus sparsim inveniuntur, in brevem veluti facem collecta, nostrorum sacerdotum oculis subjiciantur, etc." In the 2d part, which treats of our confessors *for externs*, there is an article on our faculties. The appendix contains the *formula benedictionis apostolicæ; modus benedicendi aquam S. Ignatii;* and *indulgentiæ pro missionibus et Exercitiis.*

The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, explained by Fr. Maurice Meschler, S. J., Translated from the German—For the use of Ours—Woodstock College Press. Small 8vo. 236 pp. Just out.

In preparation—Explanations of the Exercises in 3 or 4 Vols. by Père Le Marchand will appear during this year.

Père Séjournée is writing the history of Ven. Père Maunoir and working for his beatification.

Boston College.—The excavations for the improvements on the college building have been completed. In digging on the Newton-street side, several coffins were unearthed; only one or two bones, however, were found with them. It was here, the old residents say, that a burial-ground for paupers was located. At present the stone-masons are finishing up on one side of the college building, and the bricklayers will be at work there in a couple of days. The building connecting the residence and college is to be broadened to about twice its present breadth. The League is doing well in both church and college. All the students, with the exception of about twenty-five or thirty, are members; there are eighteen promoters amongst them, a First-Friday visit is made in common, and the intention box set up in the corridor is coming into common use. In the church there are 332 promoters, with 492 bands, which gives a membership of 7380. During Lent a number of men (60 or 65), working for the sewage department of the city, used to meet in the church every evening after 6 o'clock and recite the beads together. Even now 20 or 30 still adhere to this pious practice. The sodalities of the church are to have a

general reception on the first Sunday of June, when 520 new members will be enrolled.

Bulgaria.—A Russian journal announces that the number of convents in Bulgaria is constantly increasing. Catholic schools have been opened at Sistova, Philippopolis, Sofia, etc. If this Catholic reaction continues for two years more, the Schismatic Church of Russia will have no subjects in Bulgaria.

Calcutta.—Our mission has been sorely tried during the past year by the complete destruction of the crops.—Fr. Schouppe has arrived in the mission and will teach theology to Ours.

Canada, *Libel Suit.*—The Toronto *Mail*, against which our fathers in Canada have entered a suit for libel, as mentioned in the letter from Canada in the present number, has filed a preliminary plea that the suit be set aside because the bill incorporating the Society in Canada was *ultra vires* of the provincial legislature. On May 14, judgment was rendered admitting this plea but rejecting as vague, uncertain, indefinite, etc., certain allegations of the *Mail* concerning the vows and rules of the Society. On May 18, the judges of the Court of Appeal granted to the *Mail* leave to appeal from this judgment. It is expected that the case will ultimately be carried to the Privy Council in England. A full account of the case will be given in our next number, in the continuation of the letter from Canada.

Tertians' Missions.—Fr. Gagnieur was the first of the tertians to start on the Lenten missions. He left on Feb. 20, to assist Fr. Hamon in two missions near Quebec, the first in the parish of St. Basil and the second in Sillery. Fr. Gagnieur preached in English, Fr. Hamon in French. In both places they established the League of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Schmidt was the second to go out. After preaching twice a day in the parish church at Sault-au-Récollet, and giving the novena of St. Francis Xavier at the Gesû in Montreal, he went to Quebec. There he preached a second novena of St. Francis Xavier, and then gave three retreats with great success. The first of these was to the young men's sodality in our church, the second, in English and French, to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the third a retreat for men, in English, in the church of our Lady in Levis. Besides these retreats, he often preached twice a day in the cathedral and other churches in Quebec. FF. O'Loane and Kiely began their missionary work in the church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Montreal, where they first gave a triduum for the children and then a two-week's mission, the first week for the women and the second for the men. There were large congregations at all the exercises, and for the confessions all the fathers attached to the church as well as those of the Gesû were kept busy. On March 24, FF. Kiely, Gagnieur and O'Loane started for their missions in the States.

Cuba.—Our college at Havana has 190 boarders and 90 externs. The students approach the sacraments often and have a great devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin, and this though a good number belong to Liberal families, and even the parents of some are freemasons, who will not even come to the college to see their children lest they should have intercourse with Jesuits.—Fr. Ipiña has established Sunday schools in the city which are doing a great good. Nearly 1000 children attend every Sun-

day, and 800 go to Communion together.—The devotion to the Sacred Heart, owing to the zeal of Fr. Salinero, has been extended to the city and country parishes with wonderful success. There are 70,000 Communions in our church every year.—*Fr. Pfister.*

France, *Our Colleges.*—Rue des Postes has 420 students; 95 have been received at St. Cyr. Among the first fifty, all the schools of Paris together had 13, seven of whom were from our college.—Vaugirard has 45 philosophers.—Rue de Madrid has 725 students.—The college of Poitiers has 200 students, and the apostolic school 40.—Bourdeaux has 450, and Canterbury, Le Mans, and Vannes are increasing in numbers.

Lille.—The Catholic University has 128 law students, 235 in the medical school, and 19 in the school of literature. There are 30 clerics in philosophy and theology, 9 in the sciences, and 18 in the industrial school. Among the lay students, the best workers and the most pious are the students of medicine. In the sodality of the Blessed Virgin they constitute more than three-fourths of the whole number of members. Our college at Lille keeps up its numbers. Mgr. Baunard has left the college, to become rector of the university. During the eight years of his administration he kept up all the old customs. Père Denoyelle has taken his place.

Prizes awarded.—The Academy of Sciences of Paris has awarded the Delalande-Guérineau prize, valued at 1000 francs, "for the French traveller who shall have rendered the greatest scientific service to France," to Fr. Roblet, one of our missionaries in Madagascar, for his large map which has already been crowned by the Geographical Society of Paris.—Fr. A. Dechevrens was awarded a gold medal for his flutes, at the Brussels exhibition. He will exhibit also at Paris; and he is about to publish a History of Music.

Menology.—A new edition of the French menology is in preparation. It contains a number of new notices.

Frederick.—Fr. Judge, formerly minister at Woodstock, and recently holding the same office at Frederick, has started with four juniors from this province to join the Rocky Mountain Mission.—Br. Harkins, who for a number of years has been exercising the double office of sacristan and teacher in the parochial school, has been relieved of the latter office by Mr. J. Brent Matthews, formerly of the Georgetown faculty.—The catechism class of older boys, started here some two years ago, has now 40 members. The class is now taught by Fr. Lynch.—Mr. Macksey, professor of the juniors, preached an eloquent discourse in St. John's on the occasion of the Washington Centennial services. Solemn High Mass and the *Te Deum* chanted by the juniors and novices were other features of the celebration.

Georgetown College.—Mr. Elisha Francis Riggs, who donated the sum of $10,000 for the library at the time of the centennial, has since expressed his intention of increasing the amount of his gift. Already he has awarded contracts for iron work amounting to more than $12,000, and he has given instruction to the architect, Mr. Paul J. Pelz, formerly of the firm of J. L. Smithmeyer and Co., and now the architect of the National Library, to proceed with the work and draw up his plans in accordance with the latest approved ideas in library building. The approximate cost of the entire work will be

twice the amount of the original donation. In consequence of his generous assistance, the library will be named after Mr. Riggs.

Three oil paintings of the three saints lately canonized have been received at the college. They are the usual figures and attitudes already known to all, but the coloration and execution are much superior to what we have been accustomed to see. The St. Alphonsus painting, perhaps not so well known as the other two, represents the saint in the presence of the apparition of our Lady. This work has considerable merit. The only knowledge that we have of these paintings is that they came from Rome and were addressed to Fr. John J. Murphy. They may be a gift of some generous benefactor, who desires to keep his personality in the background, but they are none the less acceptable for their mysterious appearance.

Very Rev. Fr. General has most kindly sent to the college, in return for the medal presented to him, commemorative of the centennial, a whole finger-bone of St. John Berchmans. It has not yet been received, but Fr. Richards is in receipt of a letter from Very Rev. Fr. General authenticating the relic and stating that it has been placed in the hands of Fr. Turgeon, the Rector of St. Mary's College, Montreal, who is authorized to hand it to Rev. Fr. Provincial.

The boys' play-rooms have just been finished. They are six in number, besides the large hall or corridor, which will be converted in the near future into a gymnasium. There are smoking, reading, billiard, and dressing-rooms, besides "the store" and the Societies' Library. The rooms are fitted up in white pine, with hard oil finish. The corridor is to be tiled and will be an exact counterpart of the class-room corridor above.

During the solemn academic session on the third day of the recent centennial celebration, Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, of New York, one of the nearest living relations of the founder of the college, passed to the president of the university, over the heads of the eminent gentlemen and public officials who crowded the stage, an autograph letter of Archbishop John Carroll, concerning the foundation of the college. This letter, written on faded yellowish paper, is dated from Georgetown, January 25, 1787, two years before the founding of the college. It is addressed to "Thomas Sim Lee, Esq., Needwood Forest, favored by Mr. Magruder." In it the archbishop says: "I sent to Mr. Framback the proposals for our future academy, to be communicated to you. I have the pleasure to inform you that we have flattering prospects for its encouragement. Colonel Deakins and Mr. Threlkeld have joined in granting a fine piece of ground for the purpose of building."

The Berlin *Germania*, the leading Catholic paper in Germany, gave a complete account of the Georgetown Centennial celebration. The speeches of Cardinal Gibbons and of President Cleveland were translated in full.

India and **China.**—At present there are in India 1,232,017 Catholics; in Goa 1,718,403; in Cochin-China 602,000; in China 542,000; in Japan and Corea 49,000. Total in India and China 4,143,420.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Ireland.—The provincial congregation of the Irish Province was held in Easter week. Fr. Edward Kelly was elected procurator, and Fr. William Delany substitute.

Fr. James O'Carroll.—Born Sept. 1, 1831, entered the Society Sept. 13, 1853, died March 5, 1889.—Fr. O'Carroll was famous as a linguist; he was

master of almost all the languages of Europe. A writer in the *Irish Times*, who seems to have been intimate with him, states that he was master of 14 languages and literatures, that he could converse in 8 other languages, and could read 8 or 9 more. Generally he not only learned the language of a country, but also mastered its dialects. When he was a candidate for a position in the Department of Modern Languages in the Royal University of Ireland, he obtained a number of flattering testimonials of his proficiency as a linguist, which are printed in the April number of the *Irish Monthly*. He was a regular writer for the *Lyceum*, and contributed to the *Gaelic Journal*, in its earlier numbers, a series of essays on dramatic literature, the first of the kind ever written in the Irish language. The last piece of his published work is contained in the April number of the *Lyceum*, a criticism of Gogol and his work. The unfinished manuscript which he left on his table, when his work was abruptly brought to a close, was a chapter upon the Ireland of the Scots. The researches which occupied the last hours of his life (they were spent in the library of Trinity College) bore upon this, his favorite subject. At the close of a day of study, on his return from one of his customary visits to this library, he was seized with faintness and died after a few minutes.

Italy.—The Gregorian University has this year 708 students—400 in theology, 38 in canon law and 270 in philosophy. Of these, 36 are Englishmen, 2 Armenians, 45 Austrians, 21 from North America, 61 from South America, 22 Belgians, 2 Bulgarians, 19 Scotchmen, 14 Spaniards, 127 Frenchmen, 102 Germans, 7 from Holland, 12 from Hungary, 1 Indian, 2 Irishmen, 196 Italians, 25 Poles, and 13 from Switzerland. In all 49 more than last year.

Fr. Tedeschi writes: "It is difficult to describe the happiness of Cardinal Pecci in being again admitted into the Society. The Holy Father shows himself also greatly pleased and is always full of kindness to the Society."

Japan, *The Romajikai*.—The following tribute from the *Saturday Review* seems worth recording:—The institution of the *Romajikai* (Roman Letter Society) in Japan, is a fresh illustration of the truth of the saying of the wise man: "The thing that hath been is that which shall be." Nearly 300 years before Mr. Basil Chamberlain and his friends sat down to elaborate the rules for writing Japanese in Roman letters which this society has been formed to advocate, the Jesuit missionaries had worked out for themselves a system for accomplishing the same purpose. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Society of Jesus, with all the vigor of a new confederation, despatched its emissaries to all parts of the world with instructions to convert, to civilize, and to heal. As has been said of these devoted men, they went, without remonstrance or hesitation, to countries where their lives were more insecure than those of wolves, where it was a crime to harbor them, and where the heads and quarters of their brethren, fixed in public places, showed them what they had to expect. Such a country was Japan. At first the missionaries were tolerated. They came without force or violence, and they afforded the people a spectacle of something novel, which is dear to the minds of the Japanese. But before long the authorities began to realize that the strangers they had admitted were armed with a weapon which might be made more politically formidable than if they had marched at the head of an invading army. In the districts in which they settled, the inhabitants of whole villages declared themselves converts to the new religion, and were ready to answer

with their lives for the faith that was in them. Alarmed at the prospect of these wholesale conversions, the authorities poured out the vials of their wrath upon the missionaries. They beheaded some, they threw others from cliffs into the sea, and they drove out of the country those who escaped death. The Jesuits, therefore, had but a short time during which they were able to work; but they made the best possible use of their opportunity. They studied the language indefatigably, they taught without ceasing, and they introduced a font of European type into Japan in 1590, by means of which they produced a succession of books in Japanese, printed in Roman letters.

Literary.—Fr. A. J. Maas, Professor of Hebrew at Woodstock, has two articles in the January number of the Yale College periodical *Hebraica*, on "The Use of Pesiq in the Psalms," and on "Pronominal Roots;" also two *Contributed Notes* on "Bickell's System of Hebrew Metre," and on "Judges, xv. 16." Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor also contributes a *Note* on "An Arabic Coin."

Madura, *Mgr. Alexis Canoz.*—On the 2nd of December, 1888, the bells of Trichinopoly announced to the 100,000 inhabitants of the city that Mgr. Canoz had passed to a better life. Had he lived but 16 days more the venerable octogenarian would have commenced his fiftieth year of apostleship at Madura. Arriving there December 18, 1839, he was sent to the Marava, a country sanctified by the martyrdom of Blessed John de Britto. A few days after his arrival he lost both of his companions, and he all but gave up his own life as a victim to that fatal climate. He recovered, however, and preserved his health unimpaired through his long and severe life of 84 years. In 1844 he was appointed superior of the mission, in place of Fr. P. Bertrand. In 1846 the Holy See determined to give a vicar-apostolic to Madura, and Fr. Canoz was proposed to Gregory XVI., as most worthy, by Fr. Roothaan and Fr. Bertrand. The good father used every effort to escape the honor, but the Sacred Congregation imposed silence upon his humility. Still, one consolation was left him. Upon the demand of Fr. General it was declared that he would remain always a religious: *in dato casu remanet religiosus.* Having received episcopal consecration the following year, cholera invaded his diocese and the college of Negapatam was consumed by fire. But his courage never failed him. He rebuilt the college, which afterwards gave many fervent Christians to the mission and more than thirty native fathers to the Society. He twice returned to Europe on business connected with the mission, and a third time for the Vatican Council. In 1858, he was sent to Bombay as administrator of that vast vicariate. Though he remained there but a year and a half, besides the work entrusted to him, he made more than 20,000 converts. He had, too, the great happiness of venerating the body of St. Francis Xavier, which was exposed Dec. 3, 1859, for the first time since 1782. He could still recognize the features of his great patron, which three centuries have not extinguished. His success had been so great that it merited from Fr. Roothaan the remark that "if all our vicars-apostolic were like Mgr. Canoz the Propaganda would have nothing to do." Space will not allow us to dwell on the work of this new apostle of Madura. He preserved his wonderful strength to the end, and at his last pastoral visit, closing but a few days before his death, confirmed more than 2500. He had not worked in vain, and he lived to see the fruit of his work. He saw churches multiplied, and their joyous peal of bells welcomed him where he heard formerly only

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the sound of the tam-tams of the pagodas; he confirmed little children whose grandfathers he had baptized; he found at every step some souvenir of his first companions, whose tombs still preach to the Christian villages which have sprung up around them. He could truly say that thousands of souls had gone to heaven from certain villages where he for the first time had offered the holy sacrifice.

Manresa Island.—Keyser Island, bought by the Maryland New York Province as a house of retreat for gentlemen, has been christened "Manresa Island." Fr. Hayes has been there for some weeks with several brothers getting things in readiness. All who have visited it speak of it as a gem.

Mexico.—Our fathers in Mexico are overloaded with work. Many missions and several retreats to the clergy have been given. The Rev. Fr. Provincial regrets that he has not enough subjects to answer the demands made upon him for missions and retreats and for opening a college in the city of Mexico.

Missouri.—The new scholasticate of the Missouri Province will be opened at St. Louis for the next scholastic year.

New Orleans Mission, *Grand Coteau.*—A new school-house for colored children was finished last December. The size is 36 by 60 feet, and already proves too small. It is attended by 70 girls and 30 boys, the latter being all under the age of 12. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart offered their services as teachers. Fr. Widmann says Mass at the school-house every first Thursday of the month. The school-house is used also for the meetings of the colored sodalities of women and girls.

Tampa.—A new residence has been opened at Tampa, Florida, in charge of FF. de Carrière and Stritch.

Macon.—Property has been bought recently near the novitiate and a villa-house erected for the juniors.

Fr. Yenni.—Since the writing of the sketch of Fr. Yenni, the following particulars of his earlier life in the Society have come to light. He studied philosophy at St. Gall, and reviewed it at Starosol, Galicia. He began his long career of teaching with the class of 3rd Grammar at Tarnopol, in 1834, and continued the work at Neu Sandec. In 1844, he taught at the college of Nobles, Innsbruck, where he began his theology in 1846.

New York, *St. Francis Xavier's.*—The new college hall was opened and dedicated on Mar. 17. The dedication address was delivered by Hon. Bourke Cochran. Addresses were also made by Fr. John J. Murphy, ex-president of the college, and by Fr. David A. Merrick the present rector. The hall will seat 1200.—On April 23, a college specimen was given in the new hall, giving a complete view of the work done throughout the whole college in one branch of the curriculum—the study of Latin.

On April 30, at the close of the centennial banquet in the Metropolitan Opera House, a tribute in honor of Washington, in twenty-six languages—English, Babylonian, Assyrian, Ethiopic, African, Arabic, Cufic, Diwani, Irish, Syriac, Portuguese, Greek, German, Dutch, Algerian, Persian, Carshoony, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Syrian, and modern Egyptian—was presented, in the name of the faculty of the college, to President

Harrison. The president expressed his thanks to the college, and wished to be remembered to his former class-mate, Fr. H. Denny. He told the presentation committee that he would examine the inscriptions with pleasure and would preserve them as a memorial of the centennial.

St. Lawrence's.—Owing to the re-numbering of Park Avenue, the address of our residence at St. Lawrence's is changed to 980 Park Avenue.

Philadelphia.—The new college will be opened in September. Instruction will be *gratis*. See details in our *Letter from the Gesù*, p. 227.

Rocky Mountain Mission.—President Harrison has signed a patent for the Cœur d'Alêne Mission claim in Idaho Territory, containing 640 acres, in favor of Fr. Joseph M. Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission. The case had been pending in the general land office for the last ten years.

Scientific Notes. *A Correction.*—The *Lettres des Scholastiques de Jersey*, Dec. '88, translates from our *Scientific Notes* in the November number of the LETTERS, the extract from the *Stimmen* concerning the unjust attack of Lalande, the French astronomer, on Fr. Hell, and Professor Newcomb's defence of the latter. The *Lettres*, however, is mistaken in attributing the extract to the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, instead of to Fr. Hagen. This is of slight consequence, but the *Lettres* adds a note which shows that Lalande did full justice to Fr. Hell, but only, we regret to say, after the death of the latter. The note proves this by an extract from Cretineau-Joly, Hist. de la Comp. de Jesu, vol. v. chap. vi., a translation of which we subjoin.

"Lalande had asked the various astronomers to forward to him their observations, so that after computing and comparing them he might deduce from them the distance of the Sun from the Earth. Fr. Hell did not send his to Paris, but published them in Germany, and their result proved to be more decisive and exact than that arrived at by the French astronomer. Lalande took his revenge in the *Journal des Savants* of 1770, and Father Hell retorted. *But after the death of Father Hell, Lalande acknowledged the truth and gave full justice to his rival.* In the *Bibliographie Astronomique* for the year 1792, page 722, he says: 'Father Hell's observation was thoroughly successful; in fact, it proved to be one of the five complete observations made in various parts of the earth, which, as they were taken at places where the distance of Venus had the greatest effect in changing the duration of the transit, have thus given us the knowledge of the true distance of the Earth from the other planets and from the Sun. This was a memorable epoch in the science of astronomy, with which the name of Father Hell shall be justly connected, for his expedition was as successful, as wonderful, and as full of hardships as any of those undertaken on the occasion of this transit.'"

Georgetown College Observatory.—Any visitor to the Georgetown observatory would be delighted at the improvements which have been recently made. The entire building has been renovated, and the instruments put in the best order. A chronograph has been obtained, so that the exact instant of any celestial phenomenon may be registered. It is placed opposite the entrance between the two clocks, one of which keeps siderial time and the other mean time. Besides the electrical connection with the National Observatory, and the chronograph, incandescent lamps have been introduced for illuminating the field of the equatorial. Two piers of masonry have been built, just out-

side the south windows of the observatory; they will support a comet-seeker and a small equatorial, and at the same time will serve to collimate the transit instrument and the meridian circle. Trouvelot's large pictures of the planets and celestial phenomena have been framed, and now ornament the walls; the second story has been also fitted with new book shelves and a fine table. The dome of the equatorial has also been completely renovated, the revolving apparatus much improved, and an observing chair of an ingenious construction added. The equatorial itself has been cleaned and the clock-work put in running order. The excellent little telescope with a three-inch object glass, which as many will recollect Fr. Curley kept in his own room for many years, has been mounted equatorially with right ascension and declination circles.

Woodstock College Observatory.—During February and March the position of our observatory was determined with a universal instrument belonging to Georgetown College. The latitude, from prime vertical transits, was found to be 39° 20′ 8″. The longitude, by telegraghic signals received at noon from Washington, is 43 seconds east of Washington, and $5^h\ 7^m\ 29^s$, or 76° 52′ 15″ west of Greenwich.—At the end of March, the 3-inch telescope belonging to the cabinet was mounted in the observatory on an equatorial mounting, and has since been fitted with slow motions and a driving clock by Messrs. De Laak and Rigge.

South America, *Colombia.*—The government here is now very well disposed to our fathers. Seventeen of Ours have recently come from Europe for college and missionary work, and the government is still asking for more.

Ecuador.—Towards the end of last November, Fr. Pueblas undertook to establish a mission in the reduction of wild Indians called La Coca. He seemed on the point of reaping the fruit of his incessant toil, when the wickedness of two ungrateful wretches nearly destroyed, in a few moments, the work so happily begun. Calling one day, as usual, the governor (guainaro) and the justice of the peace, whom he had appointed as supreme authorities over his flock, in order to give them his commands, the missionary was surprised to hear the judge refuse to obey. When the father insisted, the disobedient Indian came at last but without the badge of his dignity—a large club. When the missionary asked why he neglected to carry his insignia of authority, the offender answered impudently, that he had no use for the stick. Astonished at this impertinent answer, the good father ordered him quietly to go to the residence; and again he refused to obey. A command was then given to the governor, who was a witness of this scene, to oblige the recreant officer to obey. He too refused to act. It was now evident that the two worthies were acting in concert. As the father was advancing towards the governor, that traitor gave a signal to his companion, who began to use his cane freely and most unmercifully on the poor missionary. Luckily a chair was at hand, with which the poor victim endeavored, as best he could, to ward off the blows which were showered on him; but at this moment, he received from behind a deep cut from a *machete*, a long knife that the Indians use to clear a path through the forests. The blow severed the priestly tonsure and inflicted a deep gash; and as both traitors seemed bent on his murder, the missionary took refuge in the residence; but being pursued into his own apartments, he rushed out once more calling for help. The cowardly ruffians followed him to the public square, and a new martyr would have certainly joined the heav-

enly host, if Providence had not sent to the rescue some white merchants and young men travelling through these wilds in quest of India rubber. The would-be murderers being secured after a violent struggle, and carefully guarded, the insensible form of the missionary was carried to the house of a white man of this reduction, where he received careful and intelligent nursing. His wounds were for a long time thought fatal, but the patient care and skilful treatment he received soon enabled him to be transferred to the residence of Loretto and thence to Archidona. He is now convalescent, and anxious to go back to the mission of La Coca, as soon as he has regained sufficient strength, in order not to give so easy a victory to the enemy of mankind. The unfortunate aggressors, now in the hands of the civil authorities, are awaiting sentence in the prisons of Quito. It seems that the governor of the province is inclined to the utmost severity, to give a salutary example, and remove all danger for the future. The five fathers who are actually engaged in the laborious task of the evangelization of these reductions, work with incredible ardor; but though the character of these tribes is neither ferocious nor unruly, their apostolate is very difficult and till now not very successful. The poor Indians, roaming through these immense forests, know very little of social life and care still less for it, preferring the companionship of birds and apes.—*Letter from College of Pifo.*

St. Peter Claver.—His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie is about to ask the Holy Father to extend the feast of St. Peter Claver to the universal Church, under the title of Apostle of a People, as St. Cyril and St. Methodius.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Worcester, *Holy Cross.*—The number of students this year exceeds all former records, both for those registered and for actual attendance. The upper classes are very large, far above those of any other Catholic college in America. The fathers attached to the college are often called upon for work throughout the diocese, supplying for pastors who are sick, or helping those who need assistance.

Home News, *Academies.*—Following is a list of the papers read before the different academies during the past scholastic year:—

Theologians.

Cur Deus Homo? ..... Mr. Thomas E. Sherman

The Primacy of the Pope and the Council of Constance..... Mr. J. De Potter

Mahomet and his Mission..... Mr. Patrick T. Kernan

Church and State..... Mr. Henry J. Woods

Modern Arianism..... Mr. John F. Galligan

Lives of Christ by non-Catholics..... Mr. John J. Wynne

Astronomy and the Bible..... Mr. William F. Rigge

The Sibylline Oracles..... Mr. James J. Sullivan

Διδαχὴ τῶν Δώδεκα Ἀποστόλων..... Mr. Francis B. Klocker

The Light of Glory..... Mr. Aloysius P. Brosnan
Does the Beatific Vision exclude Sorrow? ..... Mr. William J. Stanton
Why Christ's Human Nature is not a Person..... Mr. Patrick J. Casey
The Communion of Attributes in Christ..... Mr. Joseph M. Woods
The Nature of Sin..... Mr. James J. Curran
The Immaculate Conception..... Mr. Thomas O'Connor
The Temporal Power of the Pope..... Mr. William B. Rogers
Adrian IV. and Ireland..... Mr. John J. Collins
The Philosophy of the Supernatural..... Mr. E. de la Morinière
Christ in Fable..... Mr. William G. R. Mullan
Sentiment in Devotion to the Blessed Virgin ..... Mr. Thomas F. McLoughlin
The Dogma of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart..... Mr. John F. Quirk

Philosophers.

Life—Its Nature and Origin..... Mr. Michael J. Kane
The Methodical Doubt of Descartes..... Mr. Louis Taelman
The Reality of the Material World..... Mr. Bernard J. Otting
Composition of Bodies..... Mr. Francis G. Russell
The Final Cause..... Mr. George A. Heuisler
Unity of Forces in Nature..... Mr. John H. Meyer
Animal Intelligence..... Mr. Louis E. Green
Human Happiness..... Mr. Martin J. Hussey
Truth and Falsehood..... Mr. Francis J. McNiff
Beauty..... Mr. John H. Lodenkamper
The Human Intellect..... Mr. Joseph A. Raby
The Principles of Rationalism in Modern Systems..... Mr. Terence J. Shealy
Service and Sacrifice..... Mr. Francis M. Connell
First Principles of Knowledge..... Mr. Michael J. Mahony
A Dispute of the Mediæval Schoolmen..... Mr. William S. Singleton
The Atomic Theory..... Mr. Francis J. Suter
The Immortality of the Soul..... Mr. Ambrose J. O'Connell
The Criterion of Truth..... Mr. George R. Kister
Greek Pantheism..... Mr. J. Barry Smith
The Possibles..... Mr. Lawrence J. Kenny
Human Testimony—Its Value..... Mr. Michael J. Tiernan
Tennyson as a Philosopher..... Mr. William H. Fanning

The Ethics of the Odyssey ..... Mr. Joseph H. Smith

Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" ..... Mr. David H. Buel

Scientific.

The Wonders of the Air ..... Mr. Ambrose J. O'Connell

Hawaian Volcanoes ..... Mr. Henry A. Gabriel

The Surface Tension of Liquids ..... Mr. David H. Buel

Stationary and Locomotive Steam Engines ..... Mr. Michael R. McCarthy

Phenomena of Acoustics ..... Mr. Francis J. McNiff

Total Eclipses of the Sun ..... Mr. Joseph A. Raby

Our Rivers and What they have accomplished ..... Mr. Thomas J. Conners

Magnetism and Diamagnetism ..... Mr. John H. Lodenkamper

This academy has been unusually successful during the past year. The meetings have been held in the physical cabinet, and the lectures have been illustrated by the lantern. Those on Surface Tension, Phenomena of Acoustics, Total Eclipses of the Sun, Magnetism and Diamagnetism, were accompanied by numerous physical experiments. The meetings are held on extraordinary holidays from 5.30 to 6.30 P. M.

Winter Disputations.—Feb. 15 and 16.

Ex Tractatu de Deo Creante—*Defender*, Mr. Joseph Riordan; *Objectors*, Messrs. John F. Galligan and Francis B. Klocker.

Ex Tractatu de Verbo Incarnato—*Defender*, Mr. Thomas E. Sherman; *Objectors*, Messrs. William B. Rogers and Patrick J. Casey.

Ex Sacra Scriptura — Dissertation *de doctrina immortalitatis apud Ecclesiasten*, by Mr. James De Potter.

Ex Psychologia—*Defender*, Mr. Francis G. Russell; *Objectors*, Messrs. Edward Barry and John H. Meyer.

Ex Cosmologia—*Defender*, Mr. Felix Weis; *Objectors*, Messrs. Paul Brounts and J. Barry Smith.

Ex Logica Majori—*Defender*, Mr. Aloysius F. Heitkamp; *Objectors*, Messrs. Thomas M. Connell and James Chamard.

Chemistry—Illuminating Gas and its By-products — *Lecturer*, Mr. Lawrence J. Kenny; *Assistants*, Messrs. Francis J. McNiff and Edward W. Raymond.

Spring Disputations.—April 29 and May 1.

Ex Tractatu de Deo Creante — *Defender*, Mr. Aloysius Brosnan; *Objectors*, Messrs. John F. Quirk and George Rittmeyer.

Ex Tractatu de Verbo Incarnato—*Defender*, Mr. William G. R. Mullan; *Objectors*, Messrs. Joseph Renaud and Edward P. Spillane.

Ex Sacra Scriptura — Dissertation *de Ecclesiaste Epicureo*, by Mr. Joseph Riordan.

Ex Ethica—*Defender*, Mr. Henry Gabriel; *Objectors*, Messrs. Michael J. Kane and Martin J. Hussey.

Ex Cosmologia—*Defender*, Mr. Francis J. McNiff; *Objectors*, Messrs. William S. Singleton and John H. Lodenkamper.

Ex Ontologia—*Defender*, Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan; *Objectors*, Messrs. George R. Kister and Herman J. Goller.

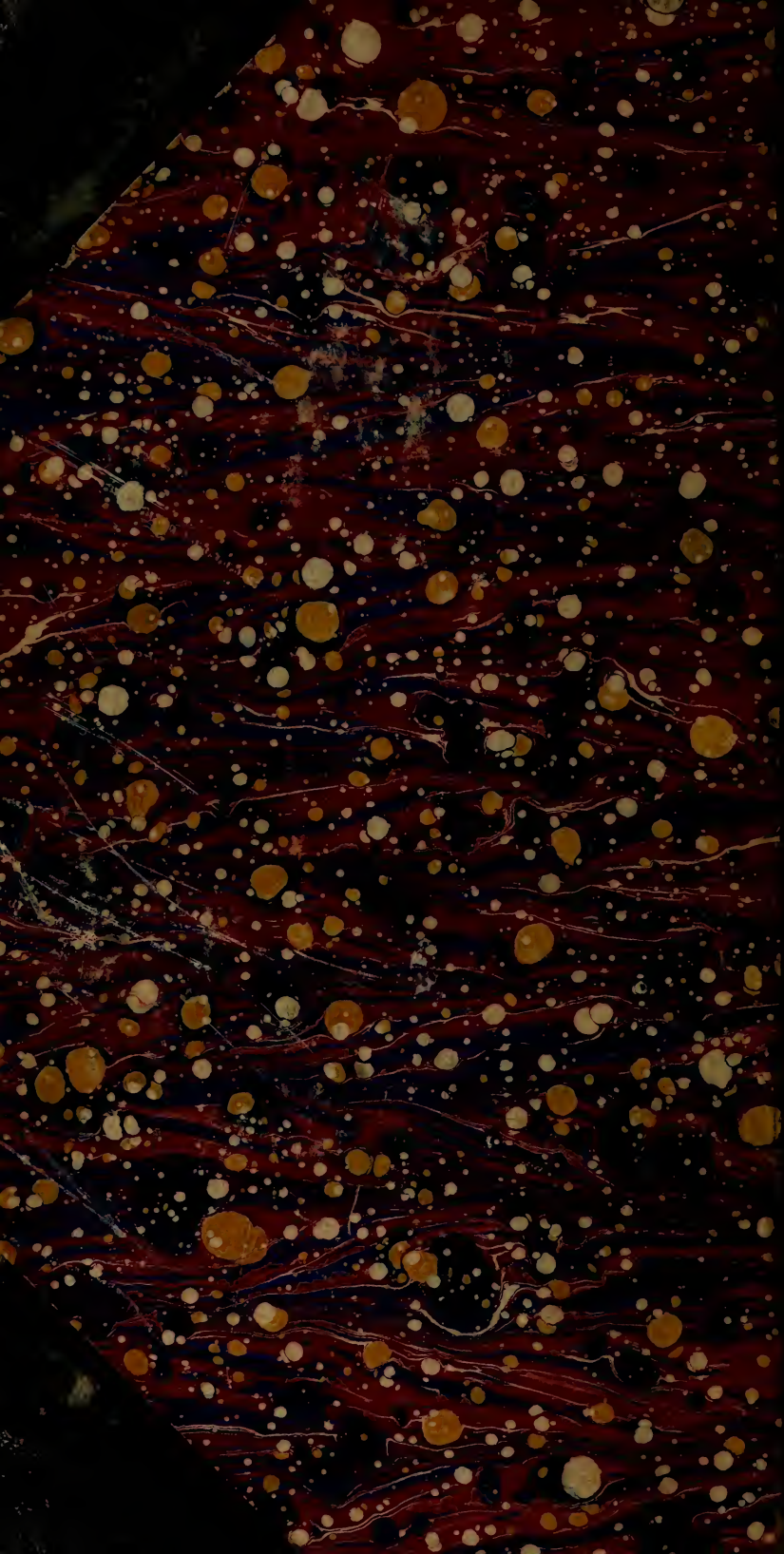
Physics—Dielectrics—*Lecturer*, Mr. David H. Buel; *Assistants*, Messrs. Francis J. Suter and John B. Moskopp.

Astronomy—The Solar System—*Lecturer*, Mr. Joseph A. Raby.

Library.—Fr. J. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, kindly sent us the first four vols. of Fr. Guido Maria Dreves. They are published by Fues, Leipsic. 1st vol. '86: Cantiones Bohemicæ. Leiche, Lieder und Rufe des 13, 14 und 15 Jahrhunderts. 2nd vol. '88: Hymnarius Moissiacensis. Hymnarium der Abtei Moissac im 10 Jahrhundert. 3rd vol. '88: Conradus Gemnicensis. Conrad von Heimburg, Albert von Prag und Ulrich von Wessobrun, Reimgebete und Leselieder. 4th vol. '89: Hymni Inediti. Liturgische Hymnen des Mittelalters aus handschriftlichen Breviarien, Antiphonalien und Processionalien. The other works of Fr. Dreves will be sent when they are published.

Parish.—The improvements on the parish church are still progressing. A pretty steeple has just been erected, the top of its gilded cross being 32 feet from pitch of roof and 80 feet from the ground. A rich velvet sanctuary carpet recently put down, and a sanctuary railing of polished brass with black walnut top-rail complete the adornment of the interior. The terraces around the church have been finished and the stone work pointed, thus giving the exterior a finished appearance.—In accordance with the wishes of the Cardinal Archbishop, here as in all the other churches throughout the land a Mass of thanksgiving was sung on April 30, after which the prayer for the authorities was said and an eloquent sermon preached by Fr. F. P. Powers.

Office of the Letters.—No doubt many will be disappointed in not finding any account of the labors of our missionaries in our last three numbers. The fault is not ours; we have tried to secure an authentic account but thus far without success, owing no doubt to the fact that our missionaries are overburdened with other work. We hope, however, to have a chronicle of the past year's work in our next number.

The attention of those who write for the Letters is called to the fact that we are publishing each number a month earlier than formerly. The next number should therefore be out in October. Items for the *Varia* should be sent in during September, and matter for the body of the Letters as soon as possible.

Errata:—p. 153, date of letter, for Dec. 31, read Dec. 1.
" first line, " "parrot" " Parrott.
p. 193, last line, " large " bronze.